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At the Theatres.



Strictly Business is a companion-piece to *Fresh, the American*. Gunter, in writing it, evidently had Raymond in mind as illustrator of the central character, and P. P. Philkins is Ferdinand Fresh accordingly, thrown among somewhat similar people and conducting himself in much the same manner. The author harps upon the old string so industriously thumbed by all American dramatists who endeavor to depict that familiar phase of American character which has been popular since Mark Twain wrote "Innocents Abroad," and Bronson Howard conceived *George Washington Phipps*. Notwithstanding our national good humor, we are not a people who are fond of seeing our national failings satirized in print and on the stage. This *amour propre* is strongly developed, and woe generally follows the injudicious creature who rudely attempts to violate it. We can appreciate the point of such jokes as Gilbert and Sullivan crack at the expense of our English cousins; but we are unable to discover anything funny in similar shafts directed at ourselves. By some strange freak, however, an exception is made in the case of such satires as *Fresh* and *Phipps*. The typical American abroad, with his vulgarity, ignorance, cheek and utter disregard for the amenities of polite society, tickles our fancy immensely. His impudence and his democratic contempt of all forms, modes and shows of European aristocracy are relished as the choicest tid-bits. Instead of frowning upon this untrue, vulgar creature as a fraudulent misrepresentation of genuine American character, we laugh at him, applaud him and enjoy his low antics to the utmost. Can it be that Cheek is the quality of which we, as a people, are proudest? Are we desirous of acquiring a reputation for bluster, brass, shameless effrontery and arrogant swagger? Are we anxious to encourage and cultivate, as if it were a national virtue, a fault so objectionable that it fairly stinks in the nostrils of decent people? When we consider the favor with which such creations as *Samuel Plaistick*, *Phipps*, *Fresh*, *Old Rogers* and *Dick Smythe* have met, it would seem that our tendency is certainly in this direction. We are lionizing Cheek.

Viewed from an abstract standpoint, such a play as *Strictly Business* is decidedly meretricious in the influence it may exert. Looked at simply as a humorous composition, whose purpose is to amuse the masses, it may be pronounced a success. The audience which assembled at Haverly's on Monday evening roared at the farcical adventures of the hero and applauded the few luridly dramatic situations in which he participates with considerable vigor. If such signs as these are any criterion, star and play made an unequivocal hit.

The plot of *Strictly Business* was published in *THE MIRROR* some time ago, and there is no need for recapitulating it now. Mr. Gunter's melodrama borders on the burlesque and his comedy is essentially farcical. But in the treatment of such a theme as this one these broad tendencies are effective. The author has managed to construct out of light and trite material an entertaining work. Of course, the fun supplied by Philkins is somewhat loud and the sensational elements furnished by Nihilists and Russian police emissaries coarse of texture. But by dint of clever patching and careful blending the improbabilities have been concealed, the incongruities covered over and a tolerably homogeneous affair produced. The character of Philkins—however untrue to nature it may be—is drawn with considerable skill, and plenty of opportunity is afforded its representative for fun-making. The dialogue is pert, if not elegant, and those loving pure, unadulterated slang freely mixed with commonplace, will find it to contain an abundance. Many of the speeches are smart and several quite witty. Mr. Gunter may be credited with the rare ability of writing down to the average level of comprehension—there is not a sentence in the piece which would puzzle the brain of the least intelligent gallery boy. The climaxes to the five acts are well arranged, that of the second being especially effective. The last act is tedious and might easily be dispensed with, for the interest of the play ends with the unravelling of complications in Act Four. The condensation would be also advantageous, because, as the piece is now played, it exceeds a comfortable length, dimming the audience too late in the evening.

As P. P. Philkins, C. B. Bishop is funny. He is a capital comedian of the old-fashioned school. He works hard for his laughs, and secures them by causing facial contortion, grimaces, and earnest countenance. The

methods of most comedians now-a-days is different. They make their points not merely by what they do but what they leave to the imagination of their auditors. To be comical to the fullest extent and to repress nothing is the plan pursued by Mr. Bishop. It is an excellent one; but it is difficult, and this is the reason why many of our younger comedians have renounced it, allowing their admirers to see more fun in their acting than actually exists. Mr. Bishop's characterization evoked applause at brief intervals and kept the audience in a merry humor. They were disposed to be captious at first, but his conscientious efforts overcame this inclination and won the people over before the first act came to an end. A drunken scene in the second act and a realistic representation of sickness in the third delighted the spectators immensely. The cleverest acting, however, was done by the comedian in the laughable scene in the bureau of Malakoff, head of the Russian police. Although from a critical point of view we are unable to felicitate Mr. Bishop on his choice of a play, we can heartily praise him for the exceedingly happy way in which he impersonates the leading character, and congratulate him on having tickled the popular fancy so admirably as to insure a profitable business in the Metropolis.

The company supporting the star is composed of good, bad and indifferent actors. J. F. Watson created much amusement by his absurdities as the French *chef*, Achille de Lyonne. J. V. Melton, in the part of a ridiculous student given to disguises and nihilism, Ivan Isaakoff, was wretched. Winston Murray played the police official, Malakoff, very well, although his voice was foggy and at times inaudible. C. J. Bishop—a chip of the old block—as Diggory Diggs, an English steward, did what little he had to do nicely. H. O. Myers, with a make-up significant of the Rogues' Gallery, was another Nihilist as ridiculous and impossible as Mr. Melton.

Among the ladies Emma Pierce shone radiantly. This actress has more ability than she has hitherto been credited with. The Countess Oranoff is a queer party, thrust into the most improbable situations; but by nice judgment and capable handling, Miss Pierce came through it all with flying colors. Josie Loane was also very satisfactory as the Princess Vera. Having much the same difficulties to contend with that beset Miss Pierce, she battled against them successfully, leaving a favorable impression. Mamie Lee as a maid and Mrs. Baker as an English inn-keeper were respectively good.

Strictly Business was set much better than the plays presented at Haverly's are usually, which argues well for the new management.

We must not omit a word of praise for the orchestra, which discoursed most excellent music during the evening, and rendered the long waits refreshing oases instead of dismal, unmusical blanks. Mr. Bowron's selections were admirable, presenting variety enough to suit all tastes. He has got his men in good trim, and their precision reflects credit upon their leader.

Unless the clerk of the weather fixes an unfavorable eye upon Haverly's (which is a very warm theatre in Summer), Strictly Business should continue there for a couple of months at least.

* * *

The Madison Square continues to exhibit to audiences of an attentive character its play called *The Rajah*. The exquisite *mise-en-scene*, the pair of pretty girls, and the delightfully cool auditorium are attractions which the stay-at-homes of this city cannot afford to miss. Indeed, an evening at the Madison Square in this sultry weather is far more enjoyable than a day at Coney Island, for there are no crowds, no overcharging for accommodations and no bogus beer. Of Mr. William Young's comedy we entertain the same opinion now that we expressed after its first representation. It is not satisfactory to the critics, but it is entirely so to the ordinary theatre-goer. The critic's view under these circumstances isn't worth a farthing, while the patron's represents an unlimited amount of profits yet to come. If care and artistic treatment can make a mediocre play successful, Mr. Mallory's theatre and company are capable of effecting the magical transformation. If it is only to observe how much can be done with almost nothing to do it with in the dramatic way, *The Rajah* is well worth seeing. George Clark's admirable acting as the hero improves upon acquaintance, although it was so excellent at the beginning as to leave little to be desired. Professor De Mille—a relative of the entertaining fictionist James of that name—has got a piece ready which the management will put on immediately when *The Rajah* has ceased to attract a due share of patronage. This is a work of the familiar Madison Square ilk, quiet and moral and—all that. It is likely to make a success, because, we have begun to think, and with reason, no play can fail on the stage of this marvellous little theatre.

Six weeks is something of a run at this season of the year; but that period has nearly been turned by Rice's Surprise Party at the Bijou, and one more week will be tacked on before the engagement ends. Pop has plenty of ginger and go, else it would not have stuck here so long. John A. Mackay is a whole host by himself; Kate Castleton is an improvement on the Dudes' own Lillian Russell; Marie Varnomi, added to "—at this week, sings charmingly; Fortescu, though painful to look at with the thermometer where it now is exploiting, is as good as three ordinary comedians

and several *coryphes* rolled into one. The other members of the troupe are on a par with the principals, and they have all combined to jest, sing and dance their way into the graces of New Yorkers.

A Summer snap with a Winter title put in an appearance at the San Francisco Opera House—where the *Bunch of Keys* had just finished its run of one hundred nights—on Monday evening. The audience was good-sized; ample, in fact, as to give reasonable ground for suspecting that a certain proportion of it represented a large quantity of "paper." Two Christmas Eves was the name of the drama, and its author, according to the bills, is Lester Freeman. Who Mr. Freeman may be we do not know. He is unknown to fame, and so far as *Two Christmas Eves* is concerned, is likely to remain so for an indefinite period. Compared with Messrs. Louis Frechette, Harry Jackson, Jr., and the other people comprising the brilliant galaxy of literary genius which has invaded our unoffending city since the regular season ended and the irregular season began, Mr. Freeman is a dramatist of passable merit. His hash of hackneyed plot and character is absolutely dull and pointless; but all Summer dramas are that way, and viewed by the lurid light of June experiences, Mr. Freeman's is not much worse than the rest. We will not summarize the story of *Two Christmas Eves*. To do so would be merely to revive recollections of sundry played-out volumes of "French's Standard Drama." There is no need of advertising the publishing house at the corner of Fourteenth street and University Place in this department of *THE MIRROR*.

The audience patiently sat through the performance out of respect to the star of the evening—the beautiful star—Annie Berlein, who is known well to the *habitués* of the Comique as the clever exponent of sundry Irish ladies in Ned Harrigan's local comedies. It was commendable of Miss Berlein to cherish noble ambitions. Not content with embodying the uncouth creatures of Mr. Harrigan's imagination, she strove to lift herself a peg or two higher and become Clara Morris' rival. But, alas! this laudable desire was not to be fulfilled. Miss Berlein, while an excellent comedienne of the rough type, has no emotional power whatever. This was demonstrated in Mordecai Lyons, wherein she and Harrigan both came to grief by experimenting in the direction of serious acting. Every man to his trade—the shoemaker to his last, the actor or actress to his or her line of business. The sphere of pathos and sentiment is beyond the clutch of Miss Berlein. On Monday she showed; as Bessie Woodford, that she understands the requirements of stage work thoroughly; but she failed to awaken one genuinely responsive echo from her audience during the evening. There is something more needed on the boards than a knowledge of theatrical *technique*. Spontaneity, fire, magnetism—these are essentials to the person who looks forward to success in the path Miss Berlein is trying to grope her way along. Perhaps, in a dashing comedy part, written to display the boisterous, touch-and-go style in which she excels, the lady would be able to fix herself among the numerous constellation of stars. She seems to be in earnest, and if she will persevere in the right direction we believe she would get on.

The company supporting Miss Berlein is not such an one as taxes the critic's judgment much in disposing of it. With one or two exceptions it was evenly inefficient, strongly emphasizing the tedium supplied by the author of the drama they were enacting. If *Two Christmas Eves* lives to see two moons it will be little short of a miracle.

* * *

The Continental Guards of New Orleans, a detached military organization of considerable social distinction, appeared at the Grand Opera House Monday evening in a series of tableaux. The command is composed of wealthy young men of the Crescent City, who are touring the North under the management of Frank Farrell for the purpose of completing the sum necessary to erect a suitable armory. Instead of raising the money in their native city by making appeals of an eleemosynary nature; they have adopted the plan of giving entertainments during the Summer in a number of large Northern cities. This scheme is laudable, and reflects credit upon the gentlemen constituting the organization. It seems as if the stay of the troupe in New York was rendered unpleasant by something more than accident. The companies of the Seventy-first Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., detailed to receive the Continentals on their arrival here early in the week, failed to put in an appearance or offer an excuse for their absence, thereby proving themselves N. G. as well as S. N. Y. On Monday evening the assembly at the Opera House was surprisingly slim, scarcely a corporal's guard occupying the parquet when the curtain rose on the first tableau at twenty minutes after eight. The pictures were extremely vivid.

That of "The March to Valley Forge" was the most realistic. "Moll Pitcher" at Monmouth, "Bunker Hill," and "Washington at Monmouth" were effectively done. The Continentals worked with remarkable precision, and evinced the results of most perfect training. Unlike the majority of amateur entertainers, they executed their duties earnestly and well. We regret—as much for those who missed this treat as those who provided it—that the tableaux failed to draw forth a larger share of patronage.

On Tuesday a change of bill was made, another series of excellent pictures, illustrative of historical episodes in the Revolutionary war, being effected. Five battle scenes were given. The most spirited of those were Trenton and Lexington. To-night the Guards appear at the Academy, in Philadelphia, where, let it be hoped, they will meet with that attention to which, as a body of representative Southern gentlemen, they are assuredly entitled.

Kentuck, brought forth at the Windsor, Monday night, is not, as the name would signify, a dramatization of one of Bret Harte's California sketches, but a drama by the prolific J. J. McCloskey. The scene is laid in Kentucky and the plot hinges on one of the old-fashioned vendettas which are popularly supposed to have raged in that State. Of course, the scions of the conflicting houses centre their affections upon a pretty girl. One of the lovers is a nice young man; the other is a villain of the deepest dye. The nice chap gets the girl and the other gets—left. Scenes of a sensational character follow one another in rapid succession, and sufficient startling stuff is crammed into the first and last acts to make a baker's dozen of W. V. X. Y. Z. Judson's thrilling serials.

Frank Mordaunt made the hit of the evening in a second edition of Major Britt, called *Major Poindexter*. His well-known fund of comic talent was effectively drawn upon, and the spectators were kept in roars of laughter while he was on the stage. Harry Colton played the nice young man nicely, and Frank Kilday was as villainous as the part of the villain demanded. Miss Pierce and Miss Tiffany filled the two chief female characters satisfactorily. Dora Stuart, who is not a pleasant sight on a warm night, toddled through the rôle of Aunt Betsy very acceptably. The piece will run through the present week. It is not known yet whether it is to be consigned to the road next season. It ought to do well out of town, as it satisfies the hungriest craver for the highly melodramatic. If the piece were better it would serve Mr. Mordaunt well as a star; but he is too good an actor to be wasted in it.

The Musical Mirror.

The Queen's Lace Handkerchief is doing so well at the Casino that the management intends to let Prince Methusalem lie quietly on the shelf till decreasing audiences shall call for a change of bill. Meanwhile he will be taken down each day and aired at a rehearsal for the benefit of his serene constitution. Miss Cottrell has made herself a very great favorite in McCaull's Opera company, and, indeed, she is a personable woman with a good deal of talent, magnificent diamonds and some voice—not very much of the latter, it is true; but what she has is melodious. The ensemble of McCaull's companies are always good, wherein the gallant Colonel shows his good sense, for, as no single star, however brilliant, can light up a firmament, so no one performer, however great, can dispel the gloom of a crowd of incapables. The chorus alone, with the bright, fresh voices appertaining, is worth all the money one pays for a ticket. The theatre, too, is a vast improvement upon the little bureau-drawer in which McCaull's company used to dispire themselves, yclept the Bijou. Now that the glaring colors and metallic sheen of the painting and gilding of the Casino have begun to be mellowed by the artist Time, and that the stage effects and dresses are no longer outshone by the gaudiness of the auditorium, we cannot imagine a pleasanter or more tasteful theatre for light opera than the Casino. And when the Moorish gardens shall be in full bloom on the top of the building, like the hanging gardens of Babylon, the place will be a dream of delight and a palace of pleasure.

The concert given at the Casino on Sunday night contained many points of interest, among which we may mention the very charming singing of Emma Juch as the most worthy of remark. Miss Juch has not a great voice, but she has a very charming one, and her school and style of expression are of the best. Mme. de Ravaz is a *bruyante* pianiste, and pleases her public mightily, although, sooth to say, she always pleases us. Mr. Stoddard's singing is noticeable for its peculiarly clear enunciation—a rare and valuable quality in these shouting and mouthing days. Hattie Lewis sang nicely, but was over-weighted. The orchestra was very good, and the "Pizzicato" from the ballet of *Sylvia*, by Delibes, has established itself as a standard favorite. The hymn to Saint Cecilia was better done last week at the Temple Emanu-El than at the Casino, and it is a stupid piece, however done. The Zampa overture was fairly played, and the dance music went very smoothly. Gungi's old-time "Sounds from Home," for stringed instruments only, brought remembrances of Castle Garden long ago to our mind, and Suppe's "Journey in Africa" (*Afrika-nisse*) was as dry and uninteresting as the Desert of Sahara.

What excellent work has Mr. Henry Widmer done during the season at the Star Theatre! Even Dion himself—one of the most difficult men to please in the rendering of that quaint and eerie music—so musical, so melancholy—that accompanies with its murmurous wail the pathetic parts of such idylls as the *Colleen Bawn*, or that brightens with its glee such droleries as the *Shaughraun*, has put on record his utter approval of Mr. Widmer's leading. Nevertheless, half the battle is in the *personal* of the army. Even Grant could not

fight without soldiers, and Widmer takes care that his band shall be all of the first quality. No second-rate men for him; and if he does pay higher salaries than some other leaders, he gives better music. At the Star Theatre one's ears were never offended between the acts by blatant dinomen of brass or cat-call squeaking of wood, but all was harmony and contentment. There is no greater mistake in management than to save fifty dollars a week by driving a hundred out of the house through bad music. Either have a good band that will please and attract, or do away with it altogether.

We have received some very beautiful music for review, composed by Mr. A. J. Davis; but it came, unfortunately, too late for notice this week, as we, from a cursory glance, perceive too much good material to be cut into without care and discretion. Therefore we will take a week to anatomize it and give the result in our next issue.

Another, and a very clever writer, has taken in hand the out-of-door music as laid on by contract, like the *Crotton*, in our public parks. We doubt not that, from the point of view that this gentleman takes, which may, very likely, be the point of view taken by the public also, the music may be very good and answer its purpose; but as that point of view is not ours, and as we are possessed of technical knowledge of the subject, "which they upon the other party want," we beg to state that the subject of *al fresco* music has been hitherto untouched by us, and that the gilt and tasseled military minstrels, who in Central Park "do fright the Isle from its propriety," have not as yet been reviewed in the *Musical Mirror*.

Trebizond's Rival.

Hailey's Mastodons intend opening their season in New York with a decidedly new feature. The second part of their programme will consist of a black comic opera in two acts, entitled *The Princess of Madagascar*—not a burlesque afterpiece, as is common with minstrel companies, but an opera presented with a completeness and gorgeous outlay that will rival the spectacular productions. The originator, Joseph Gulick, assisted by the Gorman Brothers, will arrive in the city shortly and begin preparations immediately. Mr. Gulick, with the special draughtsman of the company, was recently at Boston, where several days were spent among the libraries and all the necessary costumes and accessories were sketched with a view to reproduction.

The scene of the opera is the island of Madagascar, and as the entire company—fifty-five strong—will take part, and everything is done in black, a great deal of fun is assured. The hand of the *Princess* (the female impersonator) is sought in marriage by all the black dudes of the island; but it is only to be won by the correct answering of three questions which the *Princess* may propose. The opening scene discloses the court of the *Princess*, with regal attendance. Overhead hang rows of heads of the unfortunate unsuccessful in furnishing the right answers to the questions. The heads will represent those of Roscoe Conkling, General Grant, Ben Butler and other prominent personages. Three wise men appear in the first part to determine whether the questions are rightly answered, and also a giant with a very large head, to contribute to the fun. The wise men are dressed with the regulation Madagascar white cloths around the loins, and have their white wool arranged in three pyramids on their heads, as is the fashion of the island. The round wooden pins or sticks running through the wool are taken out in one scene and a tune rattled off upon them. The wise men carry books three by four feet in size. A neighboring Prince arrives to guess his fate; and before the contest begins the curtain drops on a scene of rejoicing.

The second act opens a novel scene. Twenty mud huts are scattered over the stage in a forest of trees, and out of each peeps a darkey's head. With a rush of music they scramble out and up in the trees like so many monkeys; then, hearing a sudden noise, every one drops out of the trees flat upon the stage and pops into his hut again. They come out once more with wooden drums and other characteristic musical instruments, and a wonderful song-and-dance is participated in.

The last scene shows the Prince at the court ready to answer the questions of the *Princess*. As in fairy stories, he does answer correctly; the wise men consult their big books as they stand in front of them, and are so amazed at the success of the Prince that they turn hand-springs over the books and back again to slow music, and then repeat three times "It is right!" The giant opens his enormous mouth, runs out a long red tongue and repeats "It is right" after each answer, and the act closes with a regular transformation scene in gilt and silver with colored lights.

The mud huts, by the way, are suddenly opened up and changed into gold, silver and bronze idols of various carvings, and aid in the decoration of the court of the *Princess*. The whole thing is unique and will reflect great credit upon Mr. Gulick and the Messrs. Gorman. Appropriate music has already been arranged by A. C. Comstock, Jr., who furnishes most of the *Mastodon's* music.

James Collins, for several years past manager of Hock's Opera House in Cincinnati, has resigned, and will probably assume charge of the *People's Theatre* in St. Louis.

PROVINCIAL.



SAN FRANCISCO.

JUNE 17.

At Haverly's California Theatre, Mme. Janau-chein is playing to good houses. She plays with a great deal of force, and has a wonderful amount of emotional power, which she also uses to advantage, and in a manner so quiet that her audiences are spellbound. Her support is excellent, as I have already written, and deserves much praise. Bleak House was produced on Wednesday night. Madame's Hortense is a wonderful conception; her Lady Dandridge in the same play has many effective points. A. H. Stuart as Inspector Bucket did the part justice, and that is saying a great deal. Virginia Brooks made a really excellent Joe, and deserved much praise. Mr. Stevens, as Tukington, made up the character satisfactorily, but each word was spoken so decided a manner as to remind one of his school days, when the master stood o'er him with rod in hand. To-night Janau-chein opens her second and last week. Her repertoire consists of the following: Monday and Thursday evenings, Mary Stuart; Tuesday evening, Mother and Son; Wednesday evening and Saturday matinee, Bleak House; Friday evening, Deborah, and Saturday evening, Marie Antoinette. Following Janau-chein comes The Silver King comb.; but of this comb. more anon.

The Wyndham co. at the Baldwin this week produced Pink Dominoes. It is far the best of their productions, and I think it a great mistake on their part that it was not produced at the beginning of their engagement. Both and everyone seems adapted to the character allotted them, and the last week of the engagement was flattering to the co. compared with the first. To-night Edna Tipper appears in the melodrama of The Black Flag. It is said to be full of sensational situations. Russell Bennett, well known and liked here, is a member of the co.

Emerson's New Minstrel co. open to-night at the Bush Street Theatre. A crowded house and laughing faces will greet them. The new co. is a strong one and will entertain to the full.

In the same theatre, to-night, Stuart Stanley against Lillian Gish, will be given in favor of the former.

At the same theatre, and brother, W. A. McConnel, manager of Haverly's California Theatre, comes here on the 1st, with the Silver King combination.—The Figaro Spanish Students will give their first concert at Platt's Hall to-morrow evening. They give four concerts and a matinee. From here they go to South America. They number sixteen, and are highly spoken of by your Eastern people.—The Bert Dramatic co. did well in the interior, The Red Rocket being the attraction.—Louis Morgenstern, Janau-chein's manager, leaves by steamer on the 20th for Portland, where he goes to pave the way for his star—Rillie Devere, who made her first appearance at the Madison Square Theatre in your city, is a "Principe girl, and has many friends here who are pleased to learn of her success.—Emerson's Minstrels, who have been in the interior during the past week did an immense business, and return home happy.—Billy Sweatman arrived Friday, and looks good-natured and as young as ever. To-night he makes his re-appearance with the Emersonians at the Bush Street Theatre.—Mme. Modjeska returns to us after her Denver engagement, and will give a performance of Mary Stuart for a charitable purpose; a number of society ladies will take part.—W. E. Sheridan, the tragedian, and pretty Louise Davenport, are expected to arrive here from Australia about July 10, and it is probable that they play an engagement at the Grand Opera House during the coming Conclave, supported by the Bert co.—Agnes Herndon, who came to this city with the Roland Reed comb., is still with us, and, like McCawher, is "waiting for something to turn up."—Hamilton Astley is absent from the Wyndham co., and has applied for another engagement.—Bob Arthur, has gone out of Missis Palmer's co. to now as the manager of The Black Flag co.—Dave N. Boothby, late of Katie Putnam comb., will again join them in September. He will spend his vacation in San Francisco. Sam Meyer, who is known as a genial good fellow, resumes his former position, that of treasurer of Emerson's, to-day.—Since Sunday there has been a large exodus of professionals: Davenport's co. left for Salt Lake City; and Bert's co. left for Salt Lake Sunday afternoon; Courtright and Hawkins' minstrels left Monday for Portland; Bert's Dramatic co. for San Jose, etc.; Emerson's New Minstrel for Valjea, etc.—A. M. Gray, the constructor of the Bush and the Standard Theatre, has just completed a theatre in San Bernardino. It is called Waters and Brinkmeyer's Opera House. Scolley painted the scenery. It was opened on the 21st by the Royal Australian Minstrels (who have, since then, returned to San Francisco and disbanded).—Mr. Gray has accepted a contract to open a large theatre in Los Angeles, and will go to work at once.—A co. with J. P. Howe as manager, start out this week to do the interior. Our American Cousin, with George Holland as Lord Dunbray, is in the repertoire. A Miss Minnie Bennett, a young lady theatrically inclined, goes with the co. Robert Marsh, called by his more intimate friends Bob, is also a member. Constance Murielle is the leading lady.—Sam Watkinson goes as representative for the Cartwright and Hawkins Minstrels.—Modjeska did well in the interior.—The Wyndham co. will delight the Sacramentoans at the Metropolitan Theatre on the 23d, 24th, and a matinee.—Alfred Scott's Minstrels—black, and evanescing—of that, formerly known as Hove's Jubilee Singers—are doing a great business in the interior.—Helen Mason, now a great city, has many admirers in our city, and her name is surely looked forward to.

From our—At the Baldwin last night a full and faithfully drama greeted the production of The Black Flag. The girls are well worked out, and many are on the stage introduced. Edna Tipper, in her comedy scenes, and all acquited themselves honorably and creditably. Of this co. I'll speak no more, but as my letter is rather long, I'll speak of them again.

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had a rousing and an appreciative house, and each and every member of the co. received a welcome. Billy Emerson—who always holds his own—was presented with a large floral offering representing a full-rigged ship, with the motto, "Welcome, Emerson—Success." It was borne on the stage by four men, and the favored one could only murmur "Thank you," so great was his surprise. In my next I will also write on the merits of this co.

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Alma Stuart Stanley has received an offer to join the McCullough Comic Opera co. next season, and looks favorably upon the offer.

James M. Ward and a small co. have been playing Buffalo Bill and The Winning Hand at the New Market Theatre, Portland, closing there 16th to make way for Courtright and Hawkins' Minstrels. Carrie Clarke-Ward had a benefit 9th that was well attended. The Ward co. propose to play the Oregon circuit.

Ainsley Scott's Jubilee Singers make a tour of Southern California. Ugo Talbo, the English tenor, gave an operatic entertainment at the Avon Theatre, Stockton, last evening. The Kohler Brothers, with their waxworks, did well in Stockton, where they have been for two weeks, and where they will remain another two weeks. After that a trip to Salt Lake is contemplated. Professor Zamloch, the magician, is in town. Murphy and Norton, who have a good Eastern réputation, arrive today and make their appearance to-night at Emerson's. Bert's Red Rocketbook comb. left on the 25th for San Diego, playing there two nights; then to Riverside one night, at San Bernardino two nights, Los Angeles three nights, and one night each at Anaheim, Santa Anna and Wilmington. The Wyndham co. appear at California Theatre, San Jose, Tuesday, 19th; Avon Theatre, 20th, 21st; Metropolitan, Sacramento, 22d, 23d; thence to Salt Lake, opening 24th and closing 29th, and Denver week of July 2. Mark Thall represented Leavitt and Hyman's interest in the tour as far as Denver.

BOSTON.

Oakland Garden: Callender's Minstrels proved a strong attraction for the opening of this popular Summer theatre, large crowds visiting the garden every evening, enjoying the programme presented by the management. The first part proved to be very entertaining, the stage being arranged in a picturesque manner, and many of the songs and jokes being new and bright. The songs by Billy Kersands, Lewis Brown, Wallace King and Dick Little usually met with hearty and well-deserved applause. The second part contained many pleasing features, prominent among them being the Alabama Pickaninnies, Sam Lucas in his famous motto songs, the grand military pageant by a number of clog dancers in Zouave drill, the Hyer Sisters, who, with Messrs. King and Brown, won many encores in their vocal selections, and Bob Mack in his barnyard specialties.

The co. will remain one week longer, presenting a new programme. On Sunday evening the Spanish Students occupied the Garden, attracting a large audience. Next week, Tony Pastor and co. will appear.

Boston Museum: There seems to be a difference of opinion in regard to the merits of The Mascotte, as produced at the Museum, and I agree with many in believing that when an opera is to be presented it should be done in a legitimate manner, and we should not be presented with what can almost be called a burlesque, there are many who enjoy The Mascotte in the form in which it was played here during the past week, and are perfectly satisfied as long as the puns and local items introduced are of a nature to make them laugh. John Howson, as Lorenzo, acted in a spiritless manner, and are highly spoken of by your Eastern people.—The Bert Dramatic co. did well in the interior, The Red Rocketbook being the attraction.—Louis Morgenstern, Janau-chein's manager, leaves by steamer on the 20th for Portland, where he goes to pave the way for his star—Rillie Devere, who made her first appearance at the Madison Square Theatre in your city, is a "Principe girl, and has many friends here who are pleased to learn of her success.—Emerson's Minstrels, who have been in the interior during the past week did an immense business, and return home happy.—Billy Sweatman arrived Friday, and looks good-natured and as young as ever. To-night he makes his re-appearance with the Emersonians at the Bush Street Theatre.—Mme. Modjeska returns to us after her Denver engagement, and will give a performance of Mary Stuart for a charitable purpose; a number of society ladies will take part.—W. E. Sheridan, the tragedian, and pretty Louise Davenport, are expected to arrive here from Australia about July 10, and it is probable that they play an engagement at the Grand Opera House during the coming Conclave, supported by the Bert co.—Agnes Herndon, who came to this city with the Roland Reed comb., is still with us, and, like McCawher, is "waiting for something to turn up."—Hamilton Astley is absent from the Wyndham co., and has applied for another engagement.—Bob Arthur, has gone out of Missis Palmer's co. to now as the manager of The Black Flag co.—Dave N. Boothby, late of Katie Putnam comb., will again join them in September. He will spend his vacation in San Francisco. Sam Meyer, who is known as a genial good fellow, resumes his former position, that of treasurer of Emerson's, to-day.—Since Sunday there has been a large exodus of professionals: Davenport's co. left for Salt Lake City; and Bert's co. left for Salt Lake Sunday afternoon; Courtright and Hawkins' minstrels left Monday for Portland; Bert's Dramatic co. for San Jose, etc.; Emerson's New Minstrel for Valjea, etc.—A. M. Gray, the constructor of the Bush and the Standard Theatre, has just completed a theatre in San Bernardino. It is called Waters and Brinkmeyer's Opera House. Scolley painted the scenery. It was opened on the 21st by the Royal Australian Minstrels (who have, since then, returned to San Francisco and disbanded).—Mr. Gray has accepted a contract to open a large theatre in Los Angeles, and will go to work at once.—A co. with J. P. Howe as manager, start out this week to do the interior. Our American Cousin, with George Holland as Lord Dunbray, is in the repertoire. A Miss Minnie Bennett, a young lady theatrically inclined, goes with the co. Robert Marsh, called by his more intimate friends Bob, is also a member. Constance Murielle is the leading lady.—Sam Watkinson goes as representative for the Cartwright and Hawkins Minstrels.—Modjeska did well in the interior.—The Wyndham co. will delight the Sacramentoans at the Metropolitan Theatre on the 23d, 24th, and a matinee.—Alfred Scott's Minstrels—black, and evanescing—of that, formerly known as Hove's Jubilee Singers—are doing a great business in the interior.—Helen Mason, now a great city, has many admirers in our city, and her name is surely looked forward to.

Bijou Theatre: The Sorcerer has been drawing well-pleased audiences during the second week of its run. It was presented with Augustus Kammerlee as Sir Maraduke, in place of Signor Brocolini, and Fannie Rice as Aline, in place of Miss Ulmar. Many of the papers having severely criticized Mr. Dixey for his acting as J. W. Wells, E. E. Rice has issued a card stating that Mr. Dixey's performance is in strict accordance with the author's directions. Next week Patience will be presented, with Sadie Martinot as Lady Angela, Ida Mullie as Patience, Augusta Roche as Lady Jane, Henry Dixey as Bunthorne, Digby Bill as Grosvenor, and Harry Pepper as the Duke.

Boston Theatre: Ranch 10 is drawing large and enthusiastic audiences, the drama having met with great favor. It will be presented until further notice.

Boston Museum: The bill presented the past week has given general satisfaction. A new programme will be offered this week, embracing many well-known names.

Windsor Theatre: This place of amusement has been open a number of nights during the week for benefits. This week Uncle Tom's Cabin, in all its glory, including Alabama Jubilee Singers and bloodhounds, will hold the fort.

Items: On Tuesday, 19th, Edith Mirilla and Ignacio Martinetti, of the Denman Thompson co., were married at the residence of Mr. C. D. Blake, of this city.—At the next city election votes are to be cast to ascertain what should be called the Union Square of Boston—Washington street, between Boylston street and Temple place, or between Eliot and Boylston streets.—Joe Lewis joins John A. Stevens' comb.—J. W. Baird is in the city. He has made a contract with the Corinne Merriemakers for three weeks. After the Merriemakers return to the city, July 16, they rest one week, after which they play one week at Providence, one week at Worcester and one week at Oakland Garden.—Bob Allen, of Mage and Allen, is visiting friends in the city.—An amateur night is in vogue at the Boylston, and cabarets have gone up.—Callender's Minstrels gave a sacred concert at the Boston Theatre Sunday night.—George Roberts is in the city.—Mark Sullivan has rejoined the Corinne Merriemakers, to resume his original character of Dan McCrea in Bijou.—The manager of Oakland Garden is attracting much attention, and new additions are being made constantly.—E. F. Goodwin, next season, with McCullough, is visiting his parents at Ocean Spray.

BALTIMORE.

Academy of Music (G. W. Post, manager): Patrons drew large houses last week, and improved with repetition; the co. working much more smoothly toward the close of the week. Iolante is the attraction for the current week, and judging from the size of the audience on Sunday night will draw as fully as well as Patience.

Monumental Garden (James L. Keene, manager):

had a rousing and an appreciative house, and each and every member of the co. received a welcome. Billy Emerson—who always holds his own—was presented with a large floral offering representing a full-rigged ship, with the motto, "Welcome, Emerson—Success." It was borne on the stage by four men, and the favored one could only murmur "Thank you," so great was his surprise. In my next I will also write on the merits of this co.

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At the Grand Opera House, the Chicago Church Choir

Opera co. have met with really excellent success in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, singing them as well as they have ever been in this city; but these same operas require acting as well as singing, and in this the members are sadly deficient. However, time does wonders, and if the three C's keep together and work hard, they may learn to act yet. Some exception should be made in favor of Mary Beebe, who really is a good Patience in the opera of that name, acting it with much intelligence, and her Phyllis is also worthy or praise. This week the house will be closed, and on July 2 the popular Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels will open a four weeks engagement.

The Power of Money had no power to draw much of it to McVicker's past week, and yet will tempt flats at another theatre. McVicker's will be closed this week and open on July 2 with the Boston Theatre co., in Love and Money, an English melodrama.

The Olympia has not been crowded on any night to see Baylies and Kennedy's Bright Lights. This house will close the season at once and open some time in September. A few reputable traveling combs. may get an opening in the meantime.

At the Academy of Music bright and clever Mattie Vickers has appeared in The Tramp's Daughter to excellent business. This week Fred Vokes and a new co. in a new musical absurdity, called In Camp. The Colleen Bawn co. July, and then the Chicago Ideal Opera co. come for one week, which will close the season. During a vacation of five weeks the house will be reinforced and new opera-chairs, carpets and other interior fixtures will make the Academy brighter and handsomer than ever.

The Criterion will have Power of Money for one week, and then close for the Summer.

Items: Sunday afternoon, July 15, John Muir, the popular treasurer of the Academy, takes his annual benefit.—C. F. McConnell leaves for San Francisco in a few days to settle up some of J. H. Haverly's Western ventures.—M. T. Skiff, manager of Katie Putnam, is in town booking dates for next season.—Manager Saphore is making a success of Baum's Pavilion.—The following managers of country theatres are in town looking up attractions: R. C. Markee and Lambert and Richardson, of Clinton, Iowa; C. D. Mosley, of Janesville, Wisconsin, and Messrs. Green and Church, of Fon du Lac, Wisconsin. On Sunday evening the Spanish Students occupied the Garden, attracting a large audience. Next week, Tony Pastor and co. will appear.

Boston Museum: There seems to be a difference of opinion in regard to the merits of The Mascotte, as produced at the Museum, and I agree with many in believing that when an opera is to be presented it should be done in a legitimate manner, and we should not be presented with what can almost be called a burlesque, there are many who enjoy The Mascotte in the form in which it was played here during the past week, and are perfectly satisfied as long as the puns and local items introduced are of a nature to make them laugh. John Howson, as Lorenzo, acted in a spiritless manner, and are highly spoken of by your Eastern people.—The Bert Dramatic co. did well in the interior, The Red Rocketbook being the attraction.—Louis Morgenstern, Janau-chein's manager, leaves by steamer on the 20th for Portland, where he goes to pave the way for his star—Rillie Devere, who made her first appearance at the Madison Square Theatre in your city, is a "Principe girl, and has many friends here who are pleased to learn of her success.—Emerson's Minstrels, who have been in the interior during the past week did an immense business, and return home happy.—Billy Sweatman arrived Friday, and looks good-natured and as young as ever. To-night he makes his re-appearance with the Emersonians at the Bush Street Theatre.—Mme. Modjeska returns to us after her Denver engagement, and will give a performance of Mary Stuart for a charitable purpose; a number of society ladies will take part.—W. E. Sheridan, the tragedian, and pretty Louise Davenport, are expected to arrive here from Australia about July 10, and it is probable that they play an engagement at the Grand Opera House during the coming Conclave, supported by the Bert co.—Agnes Herndon, who came to this city with the Roland Reed comb., is still with us, and, like McCawher, is "waiting for something to turn up."—Hamilton Astley is absent from the Wyndham co., and has applied for another engagement.—Bob Arthur, has gone out of Missis Palmer's co. to now as the manager of The Black Flag co.—Dave N. Boothby, late of Katie Putnam comb., will again join them in September. He will spend his vacation in San Francisco. Sam Meyer, who is known as a genial good fellow, resumes his former position, that of treasurer of Emerson's, to-day.—Since Sunday there has been a large exodus of professionals: Davenport's co. left for Salt Lake City; and Bert's co. left for Salt Lake Sunday afternoon; Courtright and Hawkins' minstrels left Monday for Portland; Bert's Dramatic co. for San Jose, etc.; Emerson's New Minstrel for Valjea, etc.—A. M. Gray, the constructor of the Bush and the Standard Theatre, has just completed a theatre in San Bernardino. It is called Waters and Brinkmeyer's Opera House. Scolley painted the scenery. It was opened on the 21st by the Royal Australian Minstrels (who have, since then, returned to San Francisco and disbanded).—Mr. Gray has accepted a contract to open a large theatre in Los Angeles, and will go to work at once.—A co. with J. P. Howe as manager, start out this week to do the interior. Our American Cousin, with George Holland as Lord Dunbray, is in the repertoire. A Miss Minnie Bennett, a young lady theatrically inclined, goes with the co. Robert Marsh, called by his more intimate friends Bob, is also a member. Constance Murielle is the leading lady.—Sam Watkinson goes as representative for the Cartwright and Hawkins Minstrels.—Modjeska did well in the interior.—The Wyndham co. will delight the Sacramentoans at the Metropolitan Theatre on the 23d, 24th, and a matinee.—Alfred Scott's Minstrels—black, and evanescing—of that, formerly known as Hove's Jubilee Singers—are doing a great business in the interior.—Helen Mason, now a great city, has many admirers in our city, and her name is surely looked forward to.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

Mr. Fred. Joe Ali, leader of the orchestra at the Avenue Theatre, has been engaged for the season at Bay Beach.—The Standard Lodge of Elks give their entertainment to Sardin Rock park. It promises to be a good affair.—The Spotts Brothers, of Havre and Sons, are spending their vacation at their home in this city.—Samuel Alexander, treasurer of the Carrie Gaskins Co., is also at home for the summer.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Theatre Comique (Col. T. E. Seabauer, manager): The Comedy Four are the great attraction this week.

Opera House (Royal Marionettes at Drury's; also Mrs. E. Wood, Sinclair and Foreman, vocalists): Louis Blumenberg and Bertha Davene remain at Abbe's—I hear that William A. Luckey, who gave such a pleasing performance of David Garrick's a few weeks ago, has signed with George S. Knight to play leading ladies in Baron Rudolph.—Alice Hooper is at home, strongly in good health, after her long season with the Hartmans.—Henrietta V. Davis, the young lady of "color" who made her debut in dramatic readings in April, will leave for Boston the first of the month, having been engaged to give a series of readings in the New England States.

ILLINOIS.

PRINCETON.

Opera Hall (M. E. Peterson, manager): Continentals, 8pm; receipts, thirteen complimentary; 12th, nothing.

Issue: Fifteen hundred people listened to a fine production of *Cyclone Overture*, by Southwell's Sixth Regiment Band, 16th. Great success. Business for the season was very dull, eleven co. having failed to appear after advertising.

SPRINGFIELD.

Chatterson's Opera House (J. H. Freeman, manager): Closed during past week and no attractions booked until opening of season. George W. Chatterson, Jr., proprietor of this house, is at present in New York, booking companies.

GALESBURG.

Opera House (F. B. Kirch, manager): The famous Chicago Church Choir in Patience, 18th, were greeted by a fair but very appreciative audience. Their rendition of the opera justly merits good houses.

INDIANA.

CRAWFORDSVILLE.

Opera House (Verna and McClelland, managers): Will be closed July 1 for the purpose of remodeling and refitting. Opera chair will be put in, new entrance and exits provided, etc., etc. Will be opened for the season Sept. 6 by Tony Denier.

IOWA.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Opera House (John Dohany, proprietor): Our Summer Boarders, 2nd; the Chicago Ideal Opera Co. 3rd—good houses on both occasions. The nights being cool, good attractions will be well patronized in the Winter months.

Issue: Cole's Circus will be here some time in July—date not fixed.

KANSAS.

TOPEKA.

Topeka Opera House (L. M. Crawford, manager): Nellie Boyd Dramatic Co. 21st in Article 47. Small house. Supporting co. good. These people were booked for two nights, but high water detained them from reaching here sooth.

MAINE.

AUGUSTA.

Granite Hall (C. B. Morton, manager): Theatrical business has been very dull the last two weeks. The season just closed has been one of the most successful ever known here.

Items: H. Price Webber, manager of the Boston Comedy co., and wife are in the city taking a much-needed rest. Mr. Webber says that the co.'s season of forty-five weeks has been very successful.—B. W. Thorne, of Boston, has been appointed leader of the National Home Band of Tugus.

Issue: Forepaugh and Doris have nearly covered the city with their bright-colored posters.—John P. Stambaugh, agent *Daily Programme* of Forepaugh's Circus was in the city 21st.—Prof. E. Abc, an advance man of Forepaugh's, gave a stereopticon exhibition 23d that delighted a large crowd of juveniles.—Forepaugh, 25th; John Doris' date not yet announced.

MASSACHUSETTS.

GLoucester.

Doris' Circus is to appear July 30, and is the only item of interest at present writing. Charles H. Duprez is in town for the summer, and will probably organize his musical party here some time in August.

NEW BEDFORD.

Opera House (J. C. Orney, manager): Nothing to report this week.

Items: Charles W. Clifford has resigned as President of the Opera House co., and Walter Clifford has been elected to the position.—Topey Venn's (Mrs. Elmer Cornell) Furnished Rooms co., who have been rehearsing in Liberty Hall for the last two weeks, opened the season in Clinton, Mass., 26th. The co. includes Elmer J. Cornell, Professor B. M. Drake, business manager; Steve Cory, advance; A. E. Ward, assistant; Topey Venn, Fanny Jacobs, Lizzie Hight, D. H. Fitzpatrick, Sam Bolter, Arthur Colburn, Percy Weldon, Robert Harwood and John Daily.—W. A. Paul, of this city, will be a member of Maggie Mitchell's co. next season.

NEWBURYPORT.

Issue: Forepaugh's Circus July 4. The John B. Doris circus is at an early date. Forepaugh's advertising car No. 1 is here to-day (4th). The city has been very liberally papered, and, if a pleasant day, an immense business will be done. John B. Doris is also hanging paper, proclaiming his arrival later in the season.

Items: J. W. Gulick, middleman, and Thomas May, manager, with the Dupree-Benedict Minstrel co. arrived home last week.—The season of 1894 will open early in September with Herne's Hearts of Oak.

LYNNE.

Nothing in the amusement line during the past week. James R. Adams (Panston), formerly a resident of this place, is visiting friends for a few days. He opens with O'Dale Stevens' Circus at Boston 4th. George Milford will furnish the children's entertainment at the Coliseum July 4, presenting the pantomime Little Tommy Tucker. Manager Rock informs me that the next regular season at Music Hall will open during the latter part of August.

Issue: The boards are elegantly papered for Doris' circus, which comes along in August—date not announced as yet.

MICHIGAN.

DETROIT.

Prof. Vokes and co. appeared at the Detroit 2nd and 3rd, playing in Camp. The attendance was good. The touring company, with the exception of Emma Stowe, was but mediocre. The play is very crude and not rewriting.

Tony Pastor made his annual appearance at Whitney's on the 4th, giving his fair variety show. An ordinary variety company appeared at the Park last week in an old fashioned style. Business was not up to the standard, or excess of the extreme heat. Next week will close the season.

Capitol Musical Company, of this city, has written

an Irish drama, which will be produced at the Detroit this week with a cast composed of professionals who are summering here.

Charles H. Shaw, of the Detroit, has returned home and reports an excellent lot of bookings. Charles O. White will return next week, and work on White's Grand Theatre will be commenced at once. Manager Latrop, of the Grand Opera House, London, will produce *Castor*, and has engaged J. T. Sullivan to play Capt. Hawtree. Frank Curtis left here for New York, 23d, to attend to the business of Rankin's Theatre.

Water Robinson and Bert Wilson have organized a company and will play the interior towns of Michigan during July and August. James F. O'Neill leaves for New York next week to book for the Park Theatre. J. P. Slocum, of the Sam'l of Posen co., has returned from New York, and W. A. McConnell, manager of the Brooklyn Theatre, arrived last week from Chicago. John McConnell, of this city, goes to Haverly's Chicago Theatre as treasurer.

KALAMAZOO.

Opera House (F. H. Chase, manager): Prof. Palasco (gift show) 27th.

Arena: Barnum and Jumbo 23d; immense business afternoon and evening.

MUSKEGON.

Opera House (F. L. Reynolds, manager): Tony Pastor not so good business. Manager Reynolds returned 2nd and reports good booking for next season.

MISSOURI.

KANSAS CITY.

The season having virtually closed, and there being but little in the way of amusements to chronicle, my letter this week must be composed of such small items as may be gleaned from a rather unpromising field. The season just passed at Coates' has been, on the whole, a very successful one. Inquiries made on this head to M. H. Hudson, the manager, elicited the reply that he was very well satisfied with the season's results. This means a great deal from him, and is evidence that the profits must have mounted up to a very little sum. As far as next season is concerned, Mr. Hudson assured my correspondent that the management was ready, provided the public should be, to make it the most attractive of any so far. Bookings for this house are very satisfactory.

Work on the new Gillis house is progressing rapidly, and it will open in September. There is every prospect of a lively war between the two theatres; a fact to be deplored, as, in the growing state of the city, it can support two first-class theatres only with care upon the part of the respective managements not to play large attractions against each other too much. However, Mr. Craig has a fine list of combs already booked, and it is safe to say that the new house will hold its own.

An attachment was levied on the Academy of Music this week, but was finally gotten rid of, and the house again opened. This place, after all its promises, bids fair to be, after all, little better than a variety theatre. A very gaudy play, of the blood-and-thunder order, relating to the exploits of the Peoples Boys, is running there this week to light business. People here are weary of the bandit business, and the house will not be a popular resort, except for the lower classes, unless a radical change is made at once.

The Coliseum and Comique are giving very ordinary bills to fair business. George Fredericks, the proprietor of the latter, died from the wound inflicted by Orth H. Stine. The latter is indicted for murder and now lies in jail at Independence. The Comique will be conducted in future by Charles Fredericks, brother of the late proprietor.

ST. JOSEPH.

Tootie's Opera House (Corydon F. Craig, manager): The past week has been full of life and musical sounds—bands from all parts of the country. Bach's Milwaukee Orchestra of thirty-nine fine musicians gave two contests in connection with the Sangerfest. Mr. Benedict, bass soloist, and Olivia Espe were received with a storm of applause. Miss Espe is new to the lyric stage, making her debut only a year ago at Milan, and next at her old home, St. Joseph. She surprised her most expectant friends, and as a vocalist of rare merit and wonderful compass she will soon be numbered with the few known as artists. Kansas City tendered her a reception next week. Theodore Thomas and his orchestra are booked for the 27th, this making the third orchestra concert we have had this month—Damrosch, Thomas and Bach.

MINNESOTA.

ST. PAUL.

Opera House (L. N. Scott, manager): Barlow, Wilson and Co.'s Mammoth Minstrels drew good houses 10th and 20th. They give a good performance. Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty co. 21st, 22d, 23d and matinee, drew fair houses. The co. is not as strong as the one Mr. Denier had here last season. Alfred Frisbie Miao makes a very good clown. Laura Misco and Josie Sutherland deserve mention. The Rice Brothers and Josie Edmund, gave a very fine act on bars. Silvo's slack-wire act was well given.

Wood's Opera House (Col. J. H. Wood, manager): Week of 18th Minnie Oscar Gray and W. T. Stephens in drama Roughing It, supported by May Seymour and the regular co. in the olio Charles Diamond, Nellie Brooks and the Gorman Brothers. Good houses throughout the week. Coming: J. W. Ransone in Across the Atlantic.

Conley's Theatre (Edwin P. Hilton, manager): Have done a fair week's business. New arrivals: Grace Barron, John F. Sherry and Eli J. Perkins. Last night of the season, 2d.

Issue: W. W. Cole's great show is handsomely billed for July 3.

Items: Commodore Davidson is rapidly pushing the work upon the new Opera House, with every prospect of completion early in September.—Mrs. Charles Hains, widow of the late manager, a lady well known and popular with the profession—has been appointed by Commodore Davidson to fill the place of the late Mr. Hains in the management for the present—an appointment that will meet with the approbation of the profession.

HASTINGS.

Music Hall (J. B. Lambert, manager): Camilla-Uso Concert co., 21st, to large and fashionable audience. The entertainment gave great satisfaction. Miss Uso being encored after every piece.

WINONA.

Philharmonic Hall (Grey and Russell, managers): Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty troupe, 2d. Variety part very fine—Rice Brothers' tumbling and Silvo on the slack-wire, excellent; poor house. Barlow-Wilson Minstrels gave a very fine entertainment, 18th. George Wilson took down the house with his "Waltz me again." The Four Aces were immense, and the dancing of Barney Fagen places him at the head. Fair house.

MINNEAPOLIS.

Grand Opera House (J. F. Conklin, manager): Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty co. played to good business 18th, 19th and 20th, net receipts being about \$2,000.

Penze Opera House (Col. J. H. Wood, manager): Attraction week of 17th: E. T. Goodrich, supported by stock co., in Monte, The Gambler, and olio, to good business. New faces: Jessie Cottrell and Ed Gilmore.

Issue: Barnum and Jumbo will be with us Oct. 4.

NEVADA.

CARSON CITY.

Carson Opera House (John T. Preddy, manager): A California co., under the management of Ben Tual, appeared out in The Red Peacock.

NEVADA CITY.

Issue: Carson Opera House (John T. Preddy, manager): A California co., under the management of Ben Tual, appeared out in The Red Peacock.

Items: Adèle Watson, late leading lady with Joseph Murphy, is visiting relatives in this place, and leaves shortly for a visit to San Francisco.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MANCHESTER.

Forepaugh's circus gave two performances with audiences that filled the canvas. Everything passed off smoothly. It was by far the best tent show Manchester has seen for many seasons.

NEW YORK.

ROCHESTER.

The only attraction in the way of amusements the past week was the Cody and Carver Wild West exhibition, at the Driving Park, 2nd and 3d. Large crowds were present both days. The show is a novel and instructive one, and its projectors will reap a rich harvest as a result of their bold venture. The radical departure from all former outdoor shows, the many noted characters that accompany the combination, all tend to arouse a curiosity that is certain to draw ducats to the treasury.

NEW YORK.

The several special features of the exhibition follow in rapid succession and with clock-like regularity. The surroundings are as realistic as possible, and at times the enthusiasm of the spectators is worked up to the highest pitch. The entertainment in its entirety is deserving of the most liberal patronage.

Items: Your correspondent was greeted the past week by a gentleman well-known to the profession, dressed in all the habiliments of a Western scout, broad-brimmed, white sombrero, long, flowing curly hair, pants in boots, with complexion brown as a berry. Thus we met Arizona John, the head and front of the Wild West show. Under this disguise we at last discovered the genial John M. Burke, who is general manager for this new season. He was tendered a reception by the Society of Hottentots, of which he is an honored member. E. A. Locke, supported by a strong company, will take the road under the management of W. H. Holloway, and open at Lyons, July 4, with Iashavog. This party will play the larger towns in this vicinity during the next few weeks.—The remains of the late Charles Backus reached this city on the morning of the 3d, accompanied by the widow and several intimate friends. They were met at the depot by a large number of ladies and gentlemen. The remains were taken to Mount Hope, where impressive burial services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Justice, and the remains of the famous minstrel were laid to rest upon a bed of flowers. The floral tributes from his old schoolmates were very elaborate.—Manager D. W. True, of the Grand Opera House, is in New York, looking up matters pertaining to his house. It is the intention of the management of the Grand to have the house overhauled during the dull season.—E. B. Brown, of Haverly's Mastodons, is home on a vacation.—Fred McCull, late of the Rooms for Rent party, has not yet decided where he will associate himself next season. He has several flattering offers.—Manager John B. Schoefel is in town, the guest of his brother, who is the sheriff of this county.—Jule Keene, who for the past three years has filled the comedy role with the Buffalo Bill co., is at present treasurer of the Wild West comb.

BUFFALO.

St. James Hall (C. G. Flint, manager): Howorth's Hibernica and Dublin Dan Comedy co. filled in last week to fair business. Fred Wren's Uncle Tom co. is billed for the Fourth of July.

DETROIT.

The Adelphi (Joe Lang, manager): Wound up the season Wednesday last with a crowded house, who bid farewell to Ida Suddins' Mastodons. They have attracted large audiences during their ten days' stay.

BUFFALO.

Arena: Buffalo Bill's aggregation of Western talent (Dr. Carver, Bogardus, cowboys, Indians, buffaloes; etc., etc.) attracted 8,000 people to the Driving Park Thursday.—As a novelty it seems to have been agreeable to the crowd present. Rain on the previous day prevented their performance.

ST. JOSEPH.

Memorial Hall, Soldiers' Home (Larry H. Reist, manager): The Home co. presented The Hunchback, 19th, to a large and highly-pleased audience. Clinton Hall as Master Walter, and Katherine Rogers as Julia received a number of well-earned encores. The support was strong and gave the best of satisfaction. To-night (2d) The Lancashire Lass. This was the first melodeon presented here this season, and gave far better satisfaction than any bill presented by the present co. The theatre-goers at the Home are slightly partial towards plays embracing mechanical effects, and more so, being aware of the fact that Burton Adams is stage-director and a guarantee that the play will be well mounted. The Lancashire Lass was well cast, every person being suited to the part allotted them. Clinton Hall, as "a party by the name of Johnson," was a success and kept the audience in good humor. The Ned Clayton of Russell Blake was a finished piece of acting and brought forth rounds of applause. John Ward as Spotty was in his glory, and so was the audience. Miss Rogers as Julia had little to do; but did it well. Ida Lewis as Ruth never appeared to better advantage. The play was beautifully mounted, especially Act IV. The

The "Lover."



In Ushering
Read this who cast? The ladies call him, sweet.
—Loren's Lover.

Last night in Toronto a troupe called the "Standard Opera Company of New York" (no member of which, I am positive, with two exceptions, ever sang in this city), were to appear in *Janetta podrida*, called Bunthorne Abroad; or, The Lass that Loved a Pirate, which is described as "an entirely original comic opera, introducing the best music and characters of Gilbert and Sullivan's Patience, Pinafore and Pirates. Written by J. W. Bengough." I have always cherished the fond belief that the music and lyrics were the better half of a comic opera. How, then, can this individual claim to have written a piece which he admits contains the gems of Gilbert and Sullivan? This is a specimen of the brash which Charlie Bishop is illustrating in Strictly Business at Haverly's. Bengough's hodge-podge, according to a synopsis before me, must play merry Hades with the works of the famous English *collaborateurs*. Rackstraw, Frederick, Sir Joseph, the Pirate King, Buttercup, the Pirate Queen, Deadeye and Bunthorne are mixed up together in a manner more puzzling than that described by the Bumboat woman, referring to the presto-change cradle trick she played on Ralph and the Captain in their infancy. The musical numbers of the new opera are run in helter-skelter without regard to sense. However, the programme proclaims that "all ends happily" with a remarkable chorus in which "jollity" and "holiday" are made to rhyme, and the following four lines kill off the surviving spectators:

Drinking bumpers with felicity,
To their happy domesticity,
To their bliss almost hysterical,
When they're married in America.

THE MIRROR published a letter from Commodore Tooker, a few months ago, which hinted that money raised for placing a stone over George Belmore's unmarked grave and placed in the custody of George Rignold had never been accounted for. The sparkling *Refugee* of London republished the substance of Tooker's communication. Rignold has written a reply to that paper which runs as follows:

In a copy of your paper that has just reached me here, I read a paragraph respecting a tombstone to the late George Belmore, Joseph Tooker stating "George Rignold and Fred Wardle collected \$900 for the purpose." How such misapprehension should have occurred I cannot tell. The facts are these as regards myself: I was not in New York at the time of Belmore's death; but H. J. Montague wrote me (I think Boston) saying there was to be a public subscription to place a stone over Belmore's grave, and (as Montague) wished the English actors there should do it without the knowledge of the public. I sent Montague \$90, and wrote him to do on me for another fifty if necessary. Montague acknowledged that money, and I heard nothing more on the subject. The tombstone evidently has not been erected, and I must confess to being excessively annoyed at finding the object unfulfilled, and my name wrongfully associated with the collection of money. I have no slight doubt Montague handed the funds to some one to carry out our intentions—whom, of course, I cannot say.

This clear Rignold of any blame in the matter. The person to whom Montague intrusted the money should come forward and explain, inasmuch as Montague's memory should not be stained by the suspicions that some people will readily entertain according to the way things stand at present.

That gallant Nimrod, Christopher Clarke, Esq., is up among the Rangeley Lakes in Maine with Arthur Chase. "We are paralyzing the frisky trout," he writes me, "in these limpid waters. I don't know what 'impid' means, but I'll bet on the waters every time. We had a nice big fire at the camp last night to keep warm, and slept under two pairs of blankets. We are not surrounded by icebergs, but we are brim-full of cool days and chilly nights, and Chase's face looks like an Indian's, while his appetite is monumental. (P. S.: I can eat, too.) This is a hard land to reach; but when the journey is accomplished it repays all the trouble, for we have thirty miles of water in an unbroken wilderness; bear, caribou, deer and trout are our chief companions, and an atmosphere laden with the health-giving fragrance of the balsam, spruce and pine fills our nostrils." The letter concludes with an invitation to "come up and grow brown and fat." None in mine, thanks. Clarke and Chase are blamed fools enough to go out to Maine and fatten up for a bear hunt. As for Fenimore Cooper, they are welcome to perform the greatest sacrifice as much as they please. I prefer to stay at home and talk brain in Wall street.

If the production are destined of celebrating

the glorious Fourth in a truly patriotic manner, I would suggest that they load The Thunders with all the Summer trials which have been dragging on since the first of the month (not forgetting to insert the authors thereof) and explode it in front of the Morton House at midnight.

A postal I received the other day bears the following intelligence: "Frederick Wardle has a tragedy from the pen of a young English author-actor, which is poetic and forcible dialogue, power of construction and situation and moral elevation may claim the palm over any of the classic writers short of Shakespeare." This modest commendation would perhaps possess a greater value if it had not proceeded from the author himself, whose handwriting I recognize, although the p. c. is unsigned. An honest appreciation of one's merits is a capital thing; but Wardle should instruct his "young English author-actor," who ranks himself only second to the Hand of Avon, to hire somebody else to do his chanteclering, inasmuch as it will not, under the anonymous postal system, pass ye journalist's gullet with that alacrity so eminently desirable.

With regard to our Giddy Gusher's somewhat severe strictures upon Pencil's "headlights" I must ask permission to enter a few words of explanation. I saw the artist on Thursday. He was weeping bitter British tears. I knew why his heart and his head were thus bowed down.

"The Gusher says your pictures are libels," said I, kindly but firmly.

"I know it—I do," sobbed he, actually forgetting to place the aspirate before the three initial vowels, such was the intensity of the wight's grief.

"Come, come!" said I. "Try again. Tackle her at the theatre Monday night and apply your instantaneous portrait system."

Instantly Pencil elevated himself by sections in his full altitude. He grew purple with rage; he snorted; he glared; he pawed the air with his delicate hands; he gasped for breath. When it came he swore:

"Blank, blank my blank blanked bloomink heyes!" he shouted, "H'aren't Hi been hand tried hit? Haren't Hi? Has true has Hoving his my judge, Hi've tried hit. Hi'll heat my 'at if she can be got. Why, confound hit, your bloomink Gusher cawn't sit still long hennif to be took. She's ha-dawncin' hand ha-prancin' all the bloomink time. Besides hif Hi did took her k'rect she'd ha-be ha-su'in' hof you for \$10,000 damages right haway straight—that she would!"

Pencil's explanation certainly gives this interesting case another aspect.

Speaking of the Gusher reminds me that her enjoyable screeds find great favor, not only at home, but abroad. The London *Referee* of a recent date quotes her at considerable length, and the Dublin *Times*, early in the month, copied a half-column from one of her articles. She's the cleverest female writer on the American press, although I do say it who (perhaps) shouldn't.

A Thriving Circuit.

Manager John Buckley, of the Saginaw Valley circuit, is at the Morton, where he will remain for a week or ten days longer to finish booking. A MIRROR reporter obtained the following information from Mr. Buckley concerning Michigan matters:

He and his partner, S. G. Clay, control a circuit of Michigan towns, comprising East Saginaw, Bay City, Port Huron, Saginaw City and St. Louis. At East Saginaw a much-needed new opera house is being built on the site of the Academy of Music, corner Washington avenue and Williams street. Charles Lee, the owner of the Academy, has organized a stock company to raise \$20,000 or more, by converting the ground, building and material into stocks, and already over \$30,000 is pledged. The building is in the hands of Messrs. McElfatrick and Son, of St. Louis, who have completed new theatres during the past year in Dallas, Texas, St. Louis, Hot Springs, Fort Wayne and Lima—a guarantee that the one in East Saginaw will be first-class. The ground space is 70x130 feet. The main entrance will be thirty-five feet wide, with swinging baize doors sixteen feet from the entrance, and the auditorium will be cut off from the foyer by a portiere of curtains, thus rendering entrance and exit noiseless. A parquette and circle and one balcony, all supplied with folding plush chairs, will seat 1,540. Eight private boxes will command excellent view of the stage, which will be fifty feet deep by seventy wide. The curtain dimensions are 30x22.

The scenery, stage appointments and interior decorations will be in keeping with the rest of the house. The business offices, check-room, ladies' parlor, retiring-rooms, closets, etc., will be located in the front of the house, and everything made as perfect as possible. There are to be seven exits to all sides of the building. The balcony entrance will be on Williams street, but the box-office will be so situated as to accommodate both entrances. The opening of the new house will occur Sept. 3, when Guy Williams appears as One of the Finest, followed by W. J. Scanlan, John T. Raymond, M. B. Curtis, Meduska, Barney McKinley, Louis Harrison, Pat Rooney, Bertha Welty, Buffalo Bill, Lights o' London, Squatter Sovereign, Minnie Madson, Jeffreys Lewis, William Stafford, The Tourist, Roland

Reed, Callender's Georgia, Emma Abbott, The Banker's Daughter, Gardner's Kat, Sel Smith-Russell, Rita, Maggie Mitchell, Wilmer Opera company, Aldrich and Pardee, The Chautauq, F. B. Wadde, Farmer's Daughter, T. W. Keene, Young Mrs. Winthrop, Hazel Kitte, Tony Denier, Adams' Humpy Dumpty, Fanny Davenport and Hess Opera company. A rigid rule of Messrs. Clay and Buckley is that only one combination a week is played over their circuit. Two-night stands in the best towns and one in the smaller. Mr. Buckley resides in Bay City, while Mr. Clay's home is in East Saginaw, where he is too busy with the new house to permit of his visiting New York this summer.

William Birch's Programme.

A MIRROR reporter encountered Billy Birch on the Square and sounded him as to the future of the *Princes*, who have just lost their leading light in the death of Charles Haskins.

"Charley and I always got along well together," said Billy, "and though we had an occasional difference, we always came to the front in each other's arms, as it were."

"What are your plans for the future?" The MIRROR reporter inquired.

"We'll jog along as usual—up at the old hall. Poor Haskins' place will be supplied by either Job Slavin or Luke Schoolcraft, both good comedians, and my company will be a first-class one, and in some respects superior to any we ever had."

"When do you open?"

"On the 27th of August, after some alterations are made in the hall."

"How about Wambold—will he be with you?"

"I think not. He has improved greatly in health, but is not yet well. You know he has been suffering with paralysis of the lower limbs, and that is hard to cure. He sings a good song yet," and Billy straightened up as though he was proud of the announcement.

"How about Bernard?"

"Oh, he's too well fixed to want to blacken his face again. It's only the poor devils like myself that have to work now-a-days."

The Casino's Garden.

The Casino's roof-garden will not be opened on Saturday, as announced; but Edward Aronson says everything will be in readiness by the latter part of next week, when a grand opening, in conjunction with Prince Methusalem's initial appearance, will take place. The floor will be in movable sections, each four by twelve feet, except where places are cut to admit the formation of flower-beds. There will be at least two dozen of these, in fanciful designs. The seats on the top floor will be rustic, and placed in all the nooks and corners available. Enormous palms will droop gracefully over them, and the display of flowers and plants will be something marvelous, as most of them come from private collections. A fountain faces the music-stand. Pipes for gas border the flower-beds, and reach in high arches to the outside balustrade. Colored globes dot these in every direction, and will reflect various colored lights on the foliage below. From the corner observatory a view of the city will be had.

Messrs. Kimball and Weisell are laying out the roof garden. Mr. Weisell's experience as landscape gardener at Central Park is a guarantee for its excellence. Heavy Moorish lamps will hang in the centre of the winding stairs, circling down to the buffet floor. This buffet floor is to have a covering of linoleum, making it noiseless. A small army of waiter adepts, under charge of Mr. Dorval of the Brunswick, will manage the refreshments. As in Paris, creams and ices in long, thin glasses will be served with a wafer, which will surely please ladies. The low admission of fifty cents will be retained, admitting to the operatic entertainment, the promenade concert and freedom of the roof garden.

During the Winter the floor on the roof will be taken up, stored away, and the buffet floor used for refreshments and concerts. The smoking-room will be filled with bric-a-brac, and new works of art will be constantly displayed in the foyers. It is not yet decided whether the roof will be made into a skating rink during the Winter. The Messrs. Aronson have a number of pretty and practical ideas which they intend cultivating.

Prince Methusalem is expected to run through the Summer, and with The Beggar Student and Venetian Nights during the Winter an artistic season is assured. Mr. Aronson says they would like to present more operas than they do; but, like the sister theatre—Madison Square—their runs are so successful it's a shame to interrupt them.

From the ground to the observatory is just 120 steps; but the comfortable elevator, one of the swiftest made, whisks one to the roof in a twinkling. To give a description of the Casino would take up a full page of *THE MIRROR*.

Last Sunday evening a test concert was improvised, and the acoustics found to be perfect.

Miss Castleton's Prospects.

Kate Castleton closes her engagement at the Bijou on Saturday night, and her role in *Pop* will be tried by Irene Perry for the closing week. A MIRROR reporter's chat with Miss Castleton, at her up-town home, Wednesday afternoon, resulted in some interesting statements as to her future prospects.

"Mr. Buckley and myself have method over hand, during the long run of the *Princes* Party, to make *Pop* a success, and it is not surprising when I say its great success has been owing to our united efforts. During this, it is not surprising that we should wish to profit by the reputation made throughout the country and will under a new name and with another company. This, however, is undecided as yet, there being no difference in finding just what we want. It is natural that I should wish to do well financially as I have anticipated; and I am in no hurry about a future settlement. Several flattering offers have already been made to me. Mr. Daly wanted me for *Adelicia's* place in *7-0-0-0*. Mr. Ford, of Baltimore, is desirous of placing me in his opera company, while Mr. Mitchell, of the Louis, would place me at the head of a new specialty company. Another gentleman made a proposition to form a company to play over the ground of my recent successes to California, and thence to Australia for a year's tour. The coming will easily be my season, and by a tour trip through Europe I can make hay while the sun shines."

"Won't you take a summer vacation?"

"This is undecided. I would like to visit my English home, from which I've been absent seven years; but the stay would be no short—about one month. I may make myself at some out-of-the-way country place. I long for a rest after living on dress rehearsals all season. Just imagine how monotonous it becomes to make nine changes of costume, besides a street dress, every evening! I feel tempted to go into a decline of carb-purses and wrappers—but for goodness' sake don't say I told you."

A Union Square Miserologist.

The sleepy Italiano dreams.

With heavy perfume off the city,
Soft winds blow through the shadowy clouds,
And shadows lurk to cover.

The moon shoots silver rays across,
Dark, shadowy places in silence,
And shadows lurk to cover trees,
A lurking, hungry actor broods.

Grimalkin peacefully roams,
Or splits the night in howl-worn rents;
No sounds now her wild ones stir,
Since hounds her bring fierce death.

From out a kindly drainage hole,
Led by the ghostly, shadowy brook,
A dog, once proud, sojourns now,
Harts to Grimalkin's snoring gash.

Regardless of his size, this hound
Had christened been one day "Zenobia,"
And now he wonders why the Pound
Is much preferred to hydrophobia.

For toward the house he trembles sped,
His moonlit profile risked against it;
Water Ah, no, a fate instead,
The lack of Croton had commanded it.

A sudden dash from dusky skies;
A hand of talent deftly grabbed him;
"Zenobia" drinks in other realms,
The luckless, hungry actor "sobbed" him.

Next early morn found in the Park,
A gaudy armed for gastric battle,
Though haunted by a timid bark,
His pocket, where three nibbles rattle.

—LILLIE WAST.

The New Line to Chicago.

One day last week the Erie Railway invited a number of friends to inspect the Pullman train made up to run over the new extension line of that company, which enables them to send passengers through at the quickest speed and with the most luxurious accommodations to Chicago without change of cars. The trip to Jersey City for investigation proved most enjoyable, Mr. James Buckley, General Eastern Passenger Agent; E. V. Skinner, theatrical agent, and other gentlemen of the road making their friends at home. After examining the train an elegant collation was served to the guests.

The sleeping coaches were found to be truly masterpiece of the car-builder's art, and possessed of all the most modern appointments. The buffet smoking-cars are excellent novelties in railway travel, and provide the traveller so inclined with all the advantages of a first-class *café*. They are fitted with settees and revolving chairs, and passengers may eat and smoke in ease and luxury. Tables, writing materials and stationery are at the command of the inmates of the cars, and a colored attendant looks after the comforts and wants of the traveller. These buffet cars are now on all trains of the new line. The day coaches of the Erie New Chicago Line are equal to drawing-room cars in comfort, convenience and beauty. They are finished in natural woods, with roomy and easy seats of crimson plush. The windows are large single panes of plate-glass and broad French mirrors are set in one end of the cars. The floors are carpeted. Capacious and highly-ornamental nickel-plated racers are conveniently located for the reception of parcels. On the ceiling around the polished metal gas fixtures are elegantly carved brass head linings. The panels are artistically carved. The most important feature in the coaches, however, is the handsomely appointed lavatory, an entirely new feature in thoroughfare coaches, and one that makes these cars equal to the Pullman drawing-room or sleeping-cars. The smoking-cars are finished in natural woods, highly polished, with cool, roomy seats of fine rattan, and brass parcel racks. There is plenty of light and ventilation. All the cars are lighted by gas, and are fitted with the Westinghouse automatic air-brake and Miller's safety coupler and platform and 42-inch paper car-wheels. Steel rails and a solid road-bed go to complete an equipment that is as near perfection as skill can make it.

The popularity of the Erie will be largely increased by this last departure, since it enables passengers to make the journey to Chicago in the shortest time and with the utmost comfort.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

What's the Use of a Dresser?

(By TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.)

Mr. Lovell, June 27.—The *Standard* Opera company to make their first appearance at the *Metropolitan* on Monday night. The *Metropolitan* is being presented by *Castell's* company, at *Usher's* Cave, with a company large. It is finely mounted and managed.

Another Dresser.

(By TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.)

Stevens, January.—The *Castell* Opera company have arrived on their last month at *Usher's* Cave, and business is very good.

Castell's are to be the last of the *Metropolitan* company, and will be well mounted and managed.

The *Metropolitan* is still the hit of the season, with *Hawkins*, *Pringle*, *Wilson*, *Eliza*, *James* and *Castell's* *Oliver* in the lead. *Castell's* are averaging very good.

Uncle Tom is being played at the *Metropolitan* to moderate houses. *Uncle Tom* is to be the last.

Illustrated Sketch.

(By TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.)

Cincinnati, June 27.—Performances are being made on a large scale for *Thespis*, *Flora* and *Wotan's* Festival, which opens at the *Metropolitan* on Sunday night. A number of society people have been engaged, many of whom are operators in white dress.

The *Power of Money* opened at the *Metropolitan* on Monday night, as a curtain rais

The Life of a Wandering.

BY FRANCIS VAGABOND.

IV.



The property of Captain L'Estrange, Frank's father, being Irish property, was of course confiscated, and so, to secure his income, he served as agent for several absentee landlords whose interests or inclinations prompted them to live in England. The failure of the gates to open and the consequent famine that followed the flood made it impossible to collect the rents due by the starving peasantry, and Captain L'Estrange was far too good-natured and benevolent a man to resort to the usual process of eviction and destruction. Consequently, the rents fell hopelessly in arrears. The landlords, who, being out of the country, did not see the misery of the people, and, hearing of it, did not greatly care, began to press their agents for their rents. Among the chief of the properties that Captain L'Estrange managed was a bleak tract of moorland over Astore, the rents of which, being mostly poor laborers and poorer farmers, were utterly unable to make any stand against the famine, disease and destitution that oversaw the country like a hurricane of devastation. Now, this particular estate chanced to be the property of a minor and administered by the High Court of Chancery, and therefore the tenants were unable to avail themselves of the usual mode of softening the landlord's heart by tears or prayers for leniency. A peasant cannot easily waylay the Lord Chancellor on his way to the woolack of a morning, and beg him for an extension of time wherein to pay his rent; but the master under the Court's appointment to put the real personal substance of the landlord, such abstractions as the high and mighty Court of Chancery being all too misty and allegorical for his simple comprehension. Consequently, Captain L'Estrange, as the receiver under the Court, was fanned of, wept to, knelt to at every turn, and in the end the various delays that he granted and the farms that he took into his own hands on the sudden absconding of their proper tenants, and thereby became responsible for the rent thereof, began to show a formidable balance on the wrong side of the ledger. The same causes produced the same effects on the other properties of absentees, and to cap the climax the Incumbered Estates Act threatened summary disposal of the hereditary property in the L'Estrange family.

At this period Captain L'Estrange was living at a very pretty place near Dublin, on the road to Finglass, called "Violet Hill," which, in the ante-union days of Ireland's prosperity, had been the suburban residence of Sir Hercules Langrishe, Bart., one of the wittiest of the wits of Dublin in its intellectual prime. An ancient, stony mansion was Violet Hill, with extensive grounds, gardens, and pasture lands of rich fertility. The entrance was by a massive gate of solid oak, thickly studded with broad-headed nails, like the gate of some old castle, and high brick walls secured the privacy of the inhabitants and defied impudent intrusion. Into this sanctuary, as to a tower of refuge, did Captain L'Estrange retire when circumstances became too pressing for him to remain outside. Here he could transact his business in security, free from the solicitation of beggars or the impetuosity of duns. An Englishman's house is his castle, into which, so long as he remains inside its friendly shelter, no man may force his way unasked. So in the leafy enclosures of Violet Hill, Captain L'Estrange was "on his keeping." It never occurred to this good old Irish gentleman to reduce his establishment. The tribe of lazy loungers and "ould residents" came and went as before. The *Nauti* was still in commission, and the simplechases and hunters threw in their stations as of old. The only difference was that "the master" did not go abroad, except on Sunday, which, thanks to "the great and good King William," is a *dieu nos sacre* to Protestantism, on which the arm of the law is paralyzed and the bailiff's fangs are drawn. Many were the judgments with costs, numberless the writs that were taken out against the old Peasants' companion; but, intruded behind his lines, he sat his ease at defiance and lived royally, seeing his friends and relatives enjoying the stage than fearing it. Master Frank came home on one of his frequent furloughs, just as this very Hibernian state of affairs was in full swing, and Captain himself heart and soul into the spirit. It was all fun to him, and he hunted, fished and shot, and called the *Nauti* as gaily as could the High Court of Chancery or the Incumbered Estates Court had no existence. He made the most of his leave of absence to the full, and returned again, and had leisure to make the most of what he had in Dublin; and so on ad.

Frank took a turn in his head that the *Nauti* would be a very private and comfortable place to have a room of music for shipboard.

easy to stow away in one's berth, and very effective within moonlight, serenades and other diversions. His father, ever ready and willing to gratify the lad, inserted an advertisement in the Dublin *Evening Mail and Souvenir's Newsletter* to the effect that a professor of that eccentric instrument was needed at the residence of Captain L'Estrange, Violet Hill, lessons to be given at the residence of the pupil. Many were the answers to the advertisement, and hounds of ferocious-looking bandits with great mustaches and long hair, curling over their grizzly collars came daily to apply for the vacant place. Owing to the state of siege in which Violet Hill existed at the time, all visitors were scrutinized severely before they were admitted, generally by one of the household climbing up to the big oak-gate and peering over the top. If the inspection was satisfactory the postulant was admitted; if not, he was warned off the premises, and, in case of a prolonged refusal to evacuate, a big Newfoundland dog, named Neptune, was slipped through a postern gate with a "Hoy, seize him!" and short work was made of the offending stranger. On Mr. Frank's return he instituted the practice of carrying an ancient bell-mouthed blunderbuss, such as the guards of mail-coaches were wont to carry as a defence against highwaymen, well filled with small shot, to the post of vantage atop of the gate. The yawning mouth looked like a young cannon and served admirably to inspire a wholesome terror in those minions of the law who tried, under various disguises, to gain entrance for the fell purpose of serving a writ. On one occasion a lanky gentleman, with a white hat and a black band and a red nose, applied for the position of teacher of the guitar to Frank. Old Tom Frayne, who was a guard just then, smelt a rat—he did not like the cut of the applicant's jib. His red nose betokened the service of the law rather than that of harmony, and so old Tom sent one of the lodge-keeper's children up to the "big house" with a message to Frank that he was wanted at the gate, and that he had "better bring ould Ben wid 'un"—ould Ben being the *arquebus* aforesaid—"because there was a professor forstorn before that wanted a taste of persuasion." Frank ran down at once, mounted the gate and brought his weapon to bear upon the would-be professor's person.

"Well, sir," demanded Frank; "what the devil do you want?"

"Good morning, sir," answered the professor. "I'm the taycher for Mounseer Frank L'Estrange."

"Oh!" says Frank; "Parlez vous Francais?"

"Wee, Monseer," responded the professor, in a lovely flat Dublin brogue.

"Eh bien," cries Frank; "allez vous en; entendez vous? Allez vite autrement je—" and he slapped the breach of ould Ben, significantly.

The professor, whose stock of foreign tongues was limited to the words he had already spoken, was puzzled by the speech, but enlightened by the action of the youth with the persuader by his side, and muttered:

"Be Jabers, he takes me for a Finchman. I wondher ov he'll let that thing off. Sure, it'd blow a man into smitherines, so it would."

"Oh!" says Frank; "you're Irish, eh? Well, then, you won't do for a guitar teacher. 'No Irish need apply'—be off with ye."

"Sure, I want to speake a word to yer honor," said the fellow, cringing.

"Do you?" laughed Frank; "but I don't want to hear you; so top your boom and sail large or I'll blow you out of the water," showing the cavernous mouth of old Ben, and cocking the rusty old flint-lock. Now, then, ready 'bout ship—Helm's ale, tacks and sheets, mainail hau—l. What, you're slack in stays, eh? This'll freshen your way—and bang! he let fly the contents of old Ben just as the wretched bailiff turned to fly, whereby he caught about a quart of small shot in a broad part of his person, clapping his hand to which he scuttled off down the road in a pickle that forced him to eat his dinner standing up for many a day after, and disqualifed him for the duties of his profession for weeks, although he was more than ever entitled to be called a bumble. This was only one among many of like incidents, and agreeably varied Master Frank's visits to his paternal home.

Frank had a horse called "Don," who was very intelligent and tractable, and a dog, before alluded to as "Neptune," who knew more than many gentlemen of note in the world. With the aid of these two trusty friends, and his sister, who was his chosen companion, he instituted a circus, the ring of which was the circular path round a flowerbed in the grounds. Here Frank and his sister Emma would perform St. George and the Dragon, Billy Button's Ride to Brentford, The Flying Sleigh, and all the other acts in common use in equestrian entertainments. The pad-saddle was a cushion off one of the drawing-room chairs. Neptune acted the dragon and all other wild beasts; Emma was the distressed damsel, and Frank the gallant knight, the "desirer" or war-horse, the trick-horse of the ring, and the wild mustang of the prairie was always poor Don, who before Frank's horse-expired was reduced from a well-conditioned galley to a mere wreck of a horse—an architectural specimen of equine regularity. The back drawing-room, too, was utilized as a stage by Frank, and a dramatic company composed of his sister and several friends, where, aided by old curtains, shown his

father's saloon and a few other ancient properties picked up about the house, they acted tragedies, comedies and operas, all written and composed by himself, who was author, composer, leading man, stage manager and musical director all in one. These dramatic diversions were very highly esteemed in the neighborhood, and invitations were eagerly sought for but sparingly given, for it behoved the garrison of Violet Hill to be wary lest the fortresses should be taken by treachery and a baillif should enter in the guise of a guest and deliver the fatal document that would demolish all the defences and consign the gallant commander of the castle to the tender mercies of the law and the cool retreat of the Marshalls prison for recalcitrant debtors.

Frank ever after attributed his leaning toward the stage and its denizens to this epoch of his life. The glamour of the mimic art seized him. He devoured Shakespeare and all the old dramatists—had Moliere and Racine by heart, and was never so happy as when spouting at the top of his lungs the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius, or the speech of Marc Antony over the body of Caesar. During his mother's lifetime—a churchwoman of the strictest sort—he had never been allowed to enter a theatre; but now all his spare cash was invested in pit and gallery tickets for the Theatre Royal, Hawkins street; the Abbey Street Theatre, or the Queen's Theatre in Brunswick street. At this time there existed in Dublin an association of young scamps called "The Farm Yard." It consisted of sixteen youngsters, students of Trinity College for the most part, whose delight it was to attend the theatre in force on all occasions of interest and watch the proceedings 'till something should occur to please some member of the crew, who would thereupon raise the peculiar cry of some domestic beast or bird, which would be responded to by the other "birds of a feather," each after his own kind. The uproar caused by these diversions may be imagined, and the comfort of the actors consequent on this custom. Through the influence of a leading member of this gang, and a former shipmate of Frank's, who was at home waiting for an appointment to a ship, having scraped through his Lieutenancy examination by the skin of his teeth. This gentleman, a brother of Lord L—th's, was Frank's chosen partner and leader in mischief, and many a night did the sixteen wild youths wield the terrors of oligarchy from the middle gallery of the Hawkins Street Theatre to the terror of the actors and the mingled amusement and indignation of the audience. On one occasion the late Charles Kean was playing an engagement in Dublin, and the "Farm Yard" was assembled in full numbers to do honor, after its peculiar fashion, to his performance of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. After the second act, a certain member of the "Farm Yard" befooled himself of amusing himself and delighting the audience by performing Balfe's then popular ballad, "The Light of Other Days," in imitation of the bass trombone, or, as it is universally called in Dublin, "The To-and-from," in allusion to the pushing forward and drawing back of the slide, whereby the tones are regulated. The regular band of the theatre being quickly silenced in their perfidious blowing and scraping, fell in with the humor of the minute, and accompanied the soloist amid the peals of laughter of the house. The air was played, then a variation, then another and more florid one, followed by an uproarious encore, in the midst of which up rose the curtain, and Kean stalked on. "Off! off!" cried the audience, and the melancholy Dane retreated lugubriously. Another variation, with double tongueing and quadruple applause. On comes the manager, who was forced to wait the conclusion of the musical performance before he could speak. At last he seized his chance and cried: "Gentlemen of the gallery, if you don't stop your noise I'll shut up that part of the house." "Will ye, be J—," yelled the trombone player, indignant. "Then if you do, you may shut up the whole of it, for it's the only part that pays to come in." "Truth is mighty and shall prevail;" and the manager, conscience-struck, was silent, and retreated in despair. The trombone solo proceeded to its seventh variation, and not till the performer was blown out did the farmyard oligarchs permit the "glass of fashion and mould of form" to go on with his luscinations.

About this period of his existence Mr. Frank L'Estrange, R. N., fought a duel, or, rather, came near fighting one. Having pulled down to Dollymount one night in the *Nauti*'s gig, with his friend, the Hon. Harry P—nk—l, the pair met a motley crew of boating men at a public house on the beach where such did congregate. A symposium resulted, oysters, glasses of whiskey-punch were swallowed, and the fun waxed furious. At last politics, that fertile theme of discord in other lands besides Ireland, was started, and one of the company threw reflections on Capt. L'Estrange for that he had in 1802, whilst stationed with his company on Wicklow road to look for Robert Emmet and his rebels, led his men the wrong way, thereby leaving a clear field to the insurgents. Frank, as in duty bound as a son and an officer, fired up and indignantly remonstrated with the insult; the other disputant stuck to his point, and the lie direct was given more than once. Of course, there was but one recourse, and a meeting was then and there arranged to take place upon the sands at daylight. After an hour's fitful slumber, the antagonists were passed, very sick and very weary. The whiskey had died in their veins and the reaction was not insipid. The late

were put up at ten paces. A couple of pistols borrowed from the keeper of the public house were put into their hands, and Frank declares to this day that the barrel of that presented at him by his adversary looked as big as a cast, and that he could see the bullet quite plainly. It must be owned that he was horribly afraid; but he held on, lurching for himself, for his enemy, at the last moment, just as the fatal handkerchief was about to be dropped, lost his courage and called out: "Don't fire; I apologize!" Frank grasped him by the hand; and says that from that hour he loved him as a brother. Coffee and rashes for four took the place of "pistols for two; coffee for one," and so ended Frank's first hostile encounter.

(To be continued.)

Stage Elocution.

Since his great oratorical effort at the one hundred and fifteenth anniversary dinner of the Chamber of Commerce, General Grant has been encouraged by various paragraphs to believe that he may yet become as renowned an after-dinner speechmaker as Chauncey Depew and Lawyer Choate. We ourselves are compelled to take stock in this expectation by a certain dramatic strain which marked parts of the speech. We do not assert that General Grant is likely to go upon the stage, although at the present cumulative rates the salary might prove a temptation even to a man who has had his wage of \$50,000 per annum. It would indeed be something in the way of a realistic performance to see Julius Caesar, Coriolanus, Othello, Cromwell or other great historical generals personated by a live general on so large a scale as General Grant.

On the recent notable occasion it was the cue of the hero of Appomattox to assume the stock rather than the buskin. Called on to respond to the first toast of the evening, "The United States," the war-chief thus entered upon his subject: "Bancroft began publishing his notes on the history of the United States shortly before President Lane established this Chamber of Commerce, which I think was over one hundred years ago. [Laughter.] I have not brought those volumes of Bancroft here; but I will let the reporter publish them as a prelude to what I am going to say. [Laughter.]

This is a practical mode of handling the subject, and to the point. General Grant, having thus shown himself a master in the art of "cutting" long speeches, presents himself as one who seeks to improve the oratorical art, and prompts us, at this time, to call attention to stage elocution. The skilled reader will promptly appreciate the new style of facetie introduced by the former commander-in-chief of the American armies. For instance, in Richard III., instead of wearying the audience with the long historical recitals, he says, in a significant aside: ("For details, see Hollingshead.") In like manner, the play being Coriolanus: ("Post yourself in Plutarch's Lives.") Instead of taxing patience with such labored soliloquies as "To be or not to be," the star actor of the occasion refers his admirers in the front of the house to privately study up at their leisure Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer and the modern metaphysicians and skeptics generally. This mode of proceeding would be a great service to the publishing business in its present depressed state. This reform in the text of plays, leaving only the emotional and vital words to be delivered, impels a stricter attention to delivery and elocution. Good elocutionists on the stage or elsewhere are not many. The chief points to be avoided are monotony and mannerism. For the various natural defects of the vocal organs, such as stammering, coughing, prolongation of syllables, etc., numerous corrections have been suggested by men of science and experience. These are summarized by a recent lecturer on the subject: The great surgeon, Difffenbach, cut wedges out of the tongue of the patient. It had made them speak holding a fork in the mouth; Sewes advised a waving of the arms during speech; Batrand caused them to regulate the words to a rhythmic motion of the fingers or to keep time to a stick, as in the orchestra. Demosthenes, we know by tradition, placed pebbles in his mouth and declaimed his sentences to the rising and falling murmur of the sea.

About this period of his existence Mr. Frank L'Estrange, R. N., fought a duel, or, rather, came near fighting one. Having pulled down to Dollymount one night in the *Nauti*'s gig, with his friend, the Hon. Harry P—nk—l, the pair met a motley crew of boating men at a public house on the beach where such did congregate. A symposium resulted, oysters, glasses of whiskey-punch were swallowed, and the fun waxed furious. At last politics, that fertile theme of discord in other lands besides Ireland, was started, and one of the company threw reflections on Capt. L'Estrange for that he had in 1802, whilst stationed with his company on Wicklow road to look for Robert Emmet and his rebels, led his men the wrong way, thereby leaving a clear field to the insurgents. Frank, as in duty bound as a son and an officer, fired up and indignantly remonstrated with the insult; the other disputant stuck to his point, and the lie direct was given more than once. Of course, there was but one recourse, and a meeting was then and there arranged to take place upon the sands at daylight. After an hour's fitful slumber, the antagonists were passed, very sick and very weary. The whiskey had died in their veins and the reaction was not insipid. The late

fully. The importance of measured expression is illustrated in the case of the greatest contemporary actors. On this point, when sailing was in London, in 1875, experiments were made; his voice was used for its "power of travelling," even suppressed pleases running the distant gallery with perfect clearness. Technically he spoke in a note about D in the baritone from the chest, and in a sort of register, there were distinct periods from accent to accent, and the inflections were very large, running over an interval of more than a fifth. The individual words came about one a second, and the pauses were astonishingly long, not impairing but heightening the effect. As a remarkable further illustration, it is asserted that in the play *Il Gladiatore* the four principal characters formed an unintentional though perfect quartet of soprano, contralto, tenor and bass. The effect of elocution so harmonized strongly confirms the views of Wagner, that dramatic music, instead of being conventional, should be the outflow of passion and emotion, and that the result can be as well attained from the elocutionary as from the dramatic side.

Historical Essays on the Drama.

XIX.

The establishment and prerogatives of "Les Bazoche," under Philippe le Bel, are known to us. The chief, called the king, as was usual in all commonalties of that day, and the members, a body that the society were obliged to admit in order to assist the Procureurs in their duties, became oppressive by reason of the multitude of offices that pressed upon them, caught at the idea of joining dramatic representation to their other ceremonies. Parfaict informs us that "the success of the *Mysteries*, represented at the Hospital of the Trinity, excited the envy and emulation of the clerks of the Bazoche; but, impeded by the exclusive privileges accorded to the Brotherhood of the Passion, they were forced to seek another channel. Morality seemed an inexhaustible fountain of inspiration ready to their hands. They personified the virtues and the vices; and, while depicting all the horrors of the latter, they insisted on the advantages to be derived from the pursuit of the former, and they gave to the pieces thus constructed the title of "Moraliées." This happy idea had all the effect that could have been anticipated by the most sanguine among those who originated it, and this novel kind of spectacle was esteemed by many far superior to the *Mysteries*. Everything contributed to the applause which the clerks of the Bazoche received. They were themselves both authors and actors, and had more learning than those who acted in the *Mysteries*. They employed more art and delicacy in their declamation and in their stage business. Usually they only played three times in the year—first, on the Thursday which preceded or followed the King's Saint's day; second, on May-day, in the Palace Court; third, some time after the *Montre générale*. But on occasions of general rejoicing in Paris, such as the public entry of Kings or Queens, the company of Bazoche did not fail to take part in the proceedings and to lend the aid of their performance to the general festivity.

Parfaict says that the "Careless Children" was a society formed at the beginning of the reign of Charles the Sixth by some young people of good family, who joined to a liberal education a thirst for pleasure and ample means for the assuaging thereof.

Such a conjunction could not fail to bring forth something witty and brilliant; and, in fact, this association lent much to what we of modern days would call "chaff;" but always with a moral. Their favorite idea was that of a principality established on the defects and weaknesses of human nature, which these young people called "Sottise" (*Folly*), and of which one of the company assumed the quality of Prince. This pleasantries was novel in idea, and the means employed to display it was new also.

Our dramatic philosophers invented, produced and acted on scaffolds, in halls and in public places pieces which they called "Sottises," or *Follies*, and which, in truth, were keen and trenchant satires on those of humankind.

This spectacle and those of the clerks of the Bazoche pleased mightily, and the public began to find the *Mysteries* too serious and too monstrous. When once the public tired of any particular sort of entertainment the best thing to do is to drop it instantly, for the public has the best weapon wherewith to fight down anything that does not please it—neglect. It lets alone most severely and the thing dies of sheer inaction. The Brotherhood of the Passion perceived that if the audiences were to be attracted to their theatre, it must be by stealing the enemy's weapons and beating the foe at his own game by introducing the gay and seductive features of the *Careless Children* and the clerks of the Bazoche among the more classical and lugubrious scenes of the *Mysteries*. However, the Brotherhood could not reconcile itself to the sacrifice of their dignity in personal representation of these frivolities, and so entered into a copartnership with the *Careless Children*, who added to the grave and pious *Mysteries*, the *Sottises*, or *Follies*, of which they were the authors and actors. This sort of farce and the chief of the society that invented it, took the name of *Sottise*, or *Sots*, afterward changed to *Follies* and *Fools*, and these two kinds of entertainment so different were, when united, called *Plays of Pox and Beans*, an appellation which, after a proverb of the day, signified an amalgamation or mixture. The Brotherhood kept the Theatre of the Trinity going by these means until 1859, when it became again an hospital according to its original foundation. Francis I., having granted in 1815 letters patent by which he confirmed all the privileges of the Brotherhood which had been obtained from Charles VI., they sought once for a place wherein to establish themselves. A part of the Hotel de Flandres

was vastly important in public speaking. These intervals, properly distributed, have a musical effect, and the further great advantage of allowing those in the audience of slower understanding and of impaired or less acute hearing to follow the text and take in the meaning

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

over to them, which they occupied tranquilly for five years; but the King having decreed the demolition of that hotel and those of Artes, Bagnes and Hungundy, which were its near neighbors, our pious actors once more found themselves homeless in 1645.

Tood of the great expense which the hiring of halls and the frequent change of location put them to, the Brotherhood determined to purchase a fixed habitation and to build a theatre after their own plans. Accordingly, they succeeded in obtaining a piece of land, 17 toises long by 16 wide, on the ground of the Hotel Bagnes. Thus they rebuilt, for the fourth time, that Theatre Religious of which Parfaict gives us the description:

"This theatre was the same as its predecessor in front, but the back was very different. A number of armoires, which were called *obliques*, filled it. The highest represented Paradise; the lowest, the opposite of Paradise; the third, the Palace of Herod, the House of Pontius Pilate, etc., and so with the others, according to the mystery they were to aid in representing. On each side of the stage were steps in the shape of chairs, on which the actors seated themselves when they had played their scenes, or while they awaited their turn to speak, for the performers never left the sight of the spectators till they had finished their parts. Thus at the very beginning of the mystery, the public saw all the characters who were employed in it. Neither author nor actors bothered their heads about such trifles as congruity or probability, and the personages of the drama were considered to be absent from the scene the moment they sat down. In the place where, now-a-days, the centre trap is cut, there were the extended jaws of a gigantic dragon, supposed to represent the mouth of hell, and which opened and shut its awful gorge, as it vomited forth shoals of demons and succubi. A kind of recess, closed in front by curtains, formed a chamber, which served to conceal from the spectators certain details which it was not thought advisable to represent openly, such as the accouchement of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Anne, etc."

Parfaict gives the names of the masters and governors of this Brotherhood who were empowered to complete the purchase of the building site of the Hotel de Bagnes. Among them were Jacques and Jean le Roi, master masons; Nicolas de Gendreville, courtier; Juste de Chevaux Jambefort, master pavilion, and many others, whom to catalogue were superfluous and uninteresting. Therefore, we pass to livelier matter.

An ancient chronicle in MS., composed by a curé of Saint Eustache de Metz, tells us that "in the year 1437, on the third of July, was enacted the play of the Passion of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and the stage was erected on the plain of Viximel after a very noble fashion, for it had nine rows of seats placed in degrees, one above the other all around, very fair to behold, and at the back thereof great seats and benches for the lords and ladies. And God was a gentleman by name Siegneur Nicolle, of Neuchatel, in Lorraine. The same was curate of St. Victoire de Metz, and would have died on the cross if it were not for timely succor; and it was agreed afterward that another priest should be put on the cross to represent the personage of the crucifixion for that day, and the next day the aforesaid curate of St. Victoire should perform the resurrection, and he acted his part very bravely all through the aforesaid play. And another priest, who was called Messire Joan de Nizet, who was chaplain of Mérangle, he was Judas, who was also nearly dead by reason of hanging too long, insomuch that his breath left him, and was taken down hastily and carried away," etc.

It is very plain to be seen that the stage machinists of that period were not as deft as they might have been. How they would stare could they "revisit the glimpses of the moon" and see the Black Crook!

This work was divided into three mysteries—"The Conception," "The Passion," and "The Resurrection"—and although in reality these three parts made up but one original, like the Trinity of the Athanasian Creed, they are so distinct that they might be each acted as separate and independent dramas. "The mystery of the Conception is composed of fifty-three acts, historically distributed, and, not counting the chorus, employs one hundred real personages, among which are devils in their native sulphur, figuring with God the Father, Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost, the Blessed Virgin, the angels, the patriarchs," etc.

The stage represents, at first, Paradise. God appears, surrounded by his angels. Michael, Gabriel and Raphael implore him to pardon the human race according to the promises he has made by the mouths of his holy prophets. Peace and Mercy beg the same favor; but Justice and Virtue oppose it. The Almighty, after much consideration, comes to the decision that it is fit that a man without sin should offer himself of his own free will as a sacrifice for the salvation of mankind. The four Virtues consent and descend to earth to seek out the man designated by the Creator. The next scene lies in Hell. Lucifer calls his peers around him in these words:

Ye devils of Hell, horrible and horrid,

Both great and small;

Both short and tall;

Ye squinting hounds with warts about,

Come forth ye naked, young and old;

And ye whom serpents' skins unfold;

Ye humpbacked, tailed and unguled sprits,

Ye foolish snakes that sport by nights;

Ye ugly, hirsute, toothy, horned,

Ye fiends that ye don't scarce,

From Tartarus, the dogged Hell,

Come forth while I my bidding tell;

What say at thou, Satan, who every hour

Goes about the sons of men to devour;

And Belial, Hell's most useful pander;

Master, Betrayer, noble lord;

Gods, angels, hosts, no word?

Devils of Hell, on you I call;

Our master dares not tell!

Unto our king, the Devil, below,

Whose joy is pain, whose bliss is woe,

Damned spirits, most unmeasuring beasts;

Where are the souls to grace our feasts?

Be off! and wot the world around,

Wherever may our prey be found,

Hounds, she-devils, hitherto, I say!

Your king commands! obey, Hell!

All hell assembles in hot haste, each devil anxious to hear the will of the sovereign and ready to do his bidding, and Satan speaks as follows:

Who dares thus want? unmeasured debt,

Who dares thus sin? monster vice and base,

Who dares thus forswear thy most cursed fault,

Who dares thus pollute us may not tell;

Then Belial takes up the tale thus:

Man fitly dung-heap, ulcer full of gall,

Man fitly to torment us all;

Man, meat and capes are thy choicer food,

And human souls when tried thy dearest god.

After a chapter of the like abuse omitted in this by each of the powers of hell, and which Louisa receives on the most appropriate and general compliment, and thanks them kindly,

taking as marks of honor and respect, he informs them of the resolution taken at the Council of God. Each Demon gives his opinion as to the best way to make it fail. Cerberus, the three-headed dog, gives his advice with the rest, which pleases Lucifer so much that he testifies his satisfaction in these words:

"Well said, bravo Cerberus;

"I rage and curse with joy to hear thee thus.

After which he despatches the devils on their several missions, and the scene changes to Heaven, when the four Virtues appear to give account of their ill success, and on their report the External determines to save the human race, whatever price it may cost, and the host of angels testify their joy by loud hallelujahs.

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All managers having seats contracted for with Mr. KAHR, former manager, will benefit themselves by corresponding with me, as I do not hear from them. I will not book for the entire season.

CHAR. D. KAHR.

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A Review of the "Theatricals."

Shows other has related others with the exception of the stage for connoisseurs, which is a capital representation of what the other shows of the middle world of the present day will content to carry away the glory of it, dropped into Tita. Many other yesterday. John R. Reed, the former general of the old Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, is now in his seventy-third year, and is a tall and healthy old man. He has a mind well stored with recollections of the stage, though a little misty in the matter of them.

"My first public appearance," said Mr. Reed, "was in a cavalcade at the Walnut, which was then a circus. I rode a frisking stallion—a passing animal that was bent on throwing me. That was in 1824, and it was my first and last mount. I was man-of-all-work about the ring, and my efforts were in the direction of glory and not of salary. My father was a well-to-do tailor; but in time bad luck overtook him, and then I had to scratch for myself. I made myself useful in trimming lamps. For years, until gas was introduced, myself and a partner named Davis had a contract to light and trim the lamps in the Walnut, Chestnut and Arch Street Theatres. The job was not an easy one. On cold nights the oil would freeze, and then we would be compelled to thaw it. This we did by sticking hot poker into the lamps."

"You must have met many of the well-known actors of gone-by days?"

"Many more than I can now recall. I knew Forrest and the elder Booth very well. Forrest was not so rough as he is painted. He was never familiar with subordinates; but he would take pains to instruct them. He was quick to rebuke inattentiveness—especially at rehearsal. I will relate one anecdote of him. I was the victim of his wrath, however. I was lighting the lamps in front of the house, when Peter Richings came to me and said: 'Reed, will you fight Forrest?' 'Yes,' said I, supposing he was joking. 'Come around to the stage, then,' he said. Around I went, and there was Forrest rehearsing the Gladiator. I was cast for his prey—the vanquished Gaul. Two stalwart actors had succumbed in the part. I was slight of build, but I pulled through very well for two nights. Elated over my success—it would be called 'the big head' in these days—I secured a front seat for my wife on the third night. I wanted to make a good appearance on this occasion, and so I padded my chest and shoulders and donned a curly wig. When I went on I was all of a tremble, for the wig appeared to be dancing on my head and waiting for a chance to jump off. I made a few weak passes, and then Forrest, in a rage, bore me down and, thank Heaven, put me out of my misery. I had queered the scene, and all through my vanity in make-up. Forrest sent for me. 'What the devil was the matter with you?' he roared. I tremblingly told him how the wig had taken all the fight out of me. 'D— you, never put on a wig again,' he said savagely. Afterward I was cast for Lucius, in Damon and Pythias; but I firmly refused to undertake the part."

"Junius Brutus Booth was one of the pleasant men I ever met behind the scenes. I hold him and his son Edwin in the greatest respect. The elder Booth was very democratic. Often have I seen him boxing and sky-larking with the supers. Several times I accompanied him to Pittsburgh by stage-coach to meet his engagements there."

"John E. Owens spoke his first lines in Rollin, at the old National Theatre, Philadelphia. He was once a sarge under my command. Burton was the manager then, and he had coaxed me away from the Walnut for a brief season. I can even now see Owens as he went on. 'Remember Barney Williams blacking up and dancing with the castanets—the castanets being clam-shells. Barney was not thought to be any great shakes then. Years afterward he was playing an engagement at the Walnut, which was never a well-equipped house. At rehearsal he stood in the wings, when, seeing a rather dilapidated piece of scenery, he said, pointing at it with his kid-gloved hand: 'How long has that scenery been here, Reed?' 'Ever since you were getting five dollars a week here,' I answered. Barney felt the thrup, and vowed that he never worked for less than eight."

"Handsome Harry Perry was one of my supers. His first success was in a part for which William Wheatley had been cast—I cannot just now recall it. He became a great favorite in Philadelphia. Poor fellow! He couldn't stand prosperity. Charles Kean told him, in my hearing, that he was the smartest young actor he had met in the country."

"John Jack, whose first wife was my daughter, was once call-boy at the Walnut. Another good actor was William Goodall, who made a great hit in The Drunkard, at Barnum's. The opportunity came to him through a quiet hint thrown out by me. Peter Richings, our stage manager, seldom extended a helping hand to young men; he rather preferred the blinds of his youth. So it came about that Goodall was reduced in salary and an older actor put in his place. With only five dollars a week staring him in the face, he left and took to me. A happy thought is that John was about to establish himself in the world, and I told the young man to apply for a place in the stock. A few days later he put in his place, and I engaged him."

"Crushed strawberries are beginning to make their appearance upon the noses of returned professionals on the Square."

"Sam E. Wetherell, an erstwhile prominent character on the Square, is now business manager of Bert's California traveling company."

"Ed. E. Zimmerman, late of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, will manage The Planter's Wife combination, with Emily Riggs as the luminary."

"One of the most prosperous comic operas is The Queen's Lace Handkerchief. It is nearing its two hundred and fifth representation."

"Libby Nixon has been engaged to take Ada Rehan's place in the travelling 7-0-0 company, under Arthur Rehan's management."

"The professional 'picnic' season is at hand. The favorite grove has a dummy fountain in the centre, and fronts The Mission office."

"Charles Denton, of Dallas, Texas, is in town for three days, and all are anxious of Goodall's admirable acting. But Goodall was never known to this generation; he died young—another victim to prosperity. How many, how very many, have I seen go the same road."

"How does the stage of to-day compare with that of yesterday and the day before?" ventured the interviewer.

"In scenery, dresses and lights it has improved beyond comparison; but in acting it has degenerated. The stage is now overrun with people who would never have found a footing in the old days. Men and women too lazy to work seek the stage. I do not mean to say that there are no good actors nowadays; but the number who have climbed from the bottom are few in comparison with those of yesteryear."

"By the way, this is my second visit to New York. I was here fifty-three years ago. I visited Coney Island then; and I have just returned from Coney Island now. I found the place slightly changed. There were two hotels there then; there are more now."

"Do I act now? No; I never did act much—hadn't the knack of committing lines. Many a star has ground his teeth at my mistakes; but they were never very serious. I was a gosson at the Walnut for fifty-two years, and never had any ambition to become an actor. At the end of my fiftieth year there I was presented with a handsome gold medal by John S. Clarke. I am the father of thirteen children, several of whom have been upon the stage. My sons Roland and Julian are on the boards, and I am now visiting the former, who has just concluded his engagement at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. How did I come to leave the Walnut? Well, I couldn't agree with the late lessee, although I was included in the lease; for Mr. Clarke made a proviso that I was to be retained. I am now gasman at the National Theatre, Philadelphia, where I work to keep the rust off, and not from necessity—unless a little work is a necessity after a long life of toil."

Professional Doing.

"The annual white hat is in full bloom on the Square."

"Ady Gray's time is all filled—principally week stands."

"Alice Harrison, bereft of her brother, will star it alone."

"Harry Hine is to manage the Wife's Honor company on the road."

"Martha Wren, wife of Manager James Collins, will probably star in '49."

"Julius Cahn is to manage a theatre in Ft. Wayne, Ind., the coming season."

"The popular question on the Square just now: 'To beer or not to beer?'

"Agnes Herndon, late of the Roland Reed company, still remains in San Francisco."

"It is the professional dude in light trousers that heeds the warning: 'Keep off the grass.'

"Professional vacations are now in order. With some they have been popular all the season."

"T. D. Marks has been engaged as business manager for Clayburgh's Creole company."

"Dion Boucicault will manage himself this season. His arrangement with H. B. Mohn is off."

"Crabs, like the Morton House, have a side-walk, and continually support a lot of 'old shells.'

"Adele Waters, Joe Murphy's leading lady, has gone to her home in California for the Summer."

"Hamilton Astley has left the Wyndham company and remains for the present in San Francisco."

"Things worth remembering—some of the dramatic companies that are prowling about the country."

"Fred Zimmerman and Sam Nixon, of Philadelphia, are to spend their vacation in California."

"Sallie Reber, the vocalist, has gone across the water to get an English estimate of her lyric worth."

"Joseph A. Ransone, of F. B. Ward's company, is spending a few days with friends in Albany."

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"How does the stage of to-day compare with that of yesterday and the day before?" ventured the interviewer.

"In scenery, dresses and lights it has improved beyond comparison; but in acting it has degenerated. The stage is now overrun with people who would never have found a footing in the old days. Men and women too lazy to work seek the stage. I do not mean to say that there are no good actors nowadays; but the number who have climbed from the bottom are few in comparison with those of yesteryear."

"By the way, this is my second visit to New York. I was here fifty-three years ago. I visited Coney Island then; and I have just returned from Coney Island now. I found the place slightly changed. There were two hotels there then; there are more now."

"Do I act now? No; I never did act much—hadn't the knack of committing lines. Many a star has ground his teeth at my mistakes; but they were never very serious. I was a gosson at the Walnut for fifty-two years, and never had any ambition to become an actor. At the end of my fiftieth year there I was presented with a handsome gold medal by John S. Clarke. I am the father of thirteen children, several of whom have been upon the stage. My sons Roland and Julian are on the boards, and I am now visiting the former, who has just concluded his engagement at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. How did I come to leave the Walnut? Well, I couldn't agree with the late lessee, although I was included in the lease; for Mr. Clarke made a proviso that I was to be retained. I am now gasman at the National Theatre, Philadelphia, where I work to keep the rust off, and not from necessity—unless a little work is a necessity after a long life of toil."

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"Harry Hine is to manage the Wife's Honor company on the road."

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"Julius Cahn is to manage a theatre in Ft. Wayne, Ind., the coming season."

"The popular question on the Square just now: 'To beer or not to beer?'

"Agnes Herndon, late of the Roland Reed company, still remains in San Francisco."

"It is the professional dude in light trousers that heeds the warning: 'Keep off the grass.'

"Professional vacations are now in order. With some they have been popular all the season."

"T. D. Marks has been engaged as business manager for Clayburgh's Creole company."

"Dion Boucicault will manage himself this season. His arrangement with H. B. Mohn is off."

"Crabs, like the Morton House, have a side-walk, and continually support a lot of 'old shells.'

"Adele Waters, Joe Murphy's leading lady, has gone to her home in California for the Summer."

"Hamilton Astley has left the Wyndham company and remains for the present in San Francisco."

"Things worth remembering—some of the dramatic companies that are prowling about the country."

"Fred Zimmerman and Sam Nixon, of Philadelphia, are to spend their vacation in California."

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The Squatters.

Marie W. Hanley was asked yesterday about bis son and the reception extended the Squatters in Montreal.

"After forty-two weeks of hard work we closed at the Howard in Boston a couple of weeks ago. Our tour extended as far North as St. Paul, West to Omaha, but no further South than Louisville. I've found that Southern people have no use for our peculiar style of fun. We've made money, so that's some compensation for hard work."

"What about the Canada hisses?"

"Oh, yes; we had a queer time at Montreal. Some politician had been thrown out of power, and he thought to wreak his vengeance on my show. An article strongly denouncing and objecting to the Squatters was prepared by a young friend of his connected with the Irish organ there; but by seeing the owner of the paper the article was modified and ended with the information that the objectionable features would be eliminated, and the pig and whiskey-bottle scene were consequently cut. The opening night the piece was played in its entirety, and Mr. Politician, with a gang of his Irish constituents, pelted us with turnips and potatoes from the gallery. One scoundrel threw a large paving stone on the stage."

"Any changes the coming season?"

"Yes; I've made a number, and believe I will have a stronger company. Pete Mack, of Haverly's, is engaged to play Johnny Wild's part. James Kearney takes Harrigan's part, as Peter McSorley, while James Tierney will do Caroline Melrose, a character from The Silver Wedding. My idea is to take the best characters from the different Harrigan and Hart successes and group them together under title of McSorley's Inflation. I've found that where one of Harrigan and Hart's pieces is a success in New York, it may not be understood or appreciated in the provinces. Eugene Rourke will play Denny Maguire, and J. H. Ryan takes Tony Hart's part of Mrs. McSorley. Mary Bird continues as my soubrette. John Williams plays Lapelle, the crushed actor. My season begins August 20 in Philadelphia."

"By the way, THE MIRROR is good at exposing frauds and pirates. Here's a handsome letter-head in colors, announcing that Newell and Scott were presenting Muldoon's Picnic throughout the country, introducing, by kind permission of Harrigan and Hart, popular songs and dances from McSorley's Inflation, the Squatters, etc. You notice what fine type 'by kind permission' is in. That will easily mislead country managers. I had a lively time fighting these people, and it was only by telegraphing ahead that they were kept out of Omaha and other good places. I'm going to publish a card cautioning managers against these fellows."

Stage Manager A. H. Sheldon, of Harry Miner's Theatre, tried to open a cat's mouth against its will last week, and the unfeeling thing inserted its fangs in his hand. The wound is a very serious one, and in spite of repeated cauterizations, the hand has swollen to alarming proportions. It is hoped, however, that the poison can be eliminated before any serious results follow.

New York will have five new first-class theatres next season, viz.: The Metropolitan Opera House, Hyde and Behman's Theatre, McKee Rankin's Third Avenue Theatre, Harry Miner's People's Theatre and another building on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, near Madison avenue. The Bijou will be like a new theatre, as it is to be thoroughly reconstructed. When the season fairly commences we are not likely to hear the complaint that "there is no place to go."

The Fifth Avenue Theatre will reopen October 1 with Storm Beaten. Mr. Stetson proposes to run a stock company next season, and will produce nothing but plays of unexceptional merit. He has already commenced forming his company, and has secured James O'Neill for leading business; Herbert Kelcey, late of Wallack's; Fred de Belleville, Barton Hill, Fred Ross and J. W. Shannon. None of the ladies have yet been named, though it is said that Mrs. Harriet Webb, the reader, may occupy a prominent place in the company. The house is now undergoing repairs.

F. W. Peters.
Herbert, in Young Mrs. Winthrop.
SEASON 1882-83.

Mr. F. W. Peters, as Herbert Winthrop, deserves commendation for his really excellent work, the needle and thread very pretty piece of acting.—Elmira Free Press and Gazette.

F. W. Peters entertainingly represented the character of Herbert, the youthful lover. The scene in which Mr. Peters struggled long and patiently with the needle and thread while saying nice words to the blind girl, was extremely amusing and highly appreciated by the audience.—Scranton Republican.

F. W. Peters, as Herbert Winthrop, added a new feature of interest-making on the stage and exhibited his growing affection for the blind girl in a series of really interesting scenes.—Savannah Times.

AT LIBERTY SEASON 1882-83.
Address Agents, or 30 E. 7th Street.

New Theatre in Galveston, Texas.

The new HARMONY THEATRE in this city will be completed August 1. This house is first-class in every respect, finished in the latest style, large stage and furnished with everything requisite for the proper production of any play, seating eleven hundred, of which seven hundred are on the parquette floor, only mezzanine, which will be furnished same as the parquette. This house is built at a cost exceeding \$25,000.00 and accommodates over four hundred members, including all the principal citizens of this city, and will receive their united support, centrally located, our present cars passing the building, decreasing proportionally. The intention of the builders being to make this house the fashionable theatre of the city, while first-class attractions during time with continuing dates in other cities will please address:

A. E. SPENCER, Manager,
Union Square Hotel, N. Y.

MILLER'S OPERA HALL
WEATHERLY, PA.

Stage lighted with gas. Seating capacity, 1,000. Liberal sharing terms to good Address G. W. MILLER.

1883 "FRONT!" 1884
Miss Flora Moore
And a Great Cast in the Latest New York Success,
A BUNCH OF KEYS;
OR, THE HOTEL.

BY CHAS. H. HOVE.

One hundred consecutive nights at the San Francisco Opera House, New York. By special permission of Messrs. SANGER AND EDGAR, the above great success will take the road Sept. 1, carrying all scenery and effects necessary to produce the famous Hotel Scene in its entirety. The printing all new designs, and a positive novelty in the way of advertising. Business staff: DUDLEY M. ADOW, T. L. HUME, HARRY A. LEE. For dates, etc., address

M. ADOW AND LEE,
14, West Forty-first Street, New York.

"FRONT!"

Notice of Warning to Managers

Having obtained from Mrs. Kate Palmer Stearns the sole right to perform the comedy of "THE BOARDING SCHOOL," originally played by Miss Minnie Clegg and John E. Ince last season, and now to be performed by Mrs. E. Flint, under the title of "FUN IN A BOARDING SCHOOL." I hereby caution all managers not to allow said comedy to be performed by any party without my written consent, and I am determined to prosecute all infringements to the full extent of the law.

MR. JOHN E. INCE will appear in this comedy, sustaining his creation of "PROF. JEROME JIMCRACK," supported by a first-class comedy company, and Mr. Ince will also shortly appear in a new and original comedy by CHARLES E. GAYLER, entitled "A BART' O' MONEY." For remaining open dates address

FRANK C. GAYLER, Manager Ince Comedy Co., Care J. Alexander Brown, Dramatic Agent, 64 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

Northern Texas Route

DISTANCE.
0—Corsicana, Texas, Opera House.
55—Dallas, Texas (New) Opera House.
83—Cleburne, Texas, Opera House.
111—Ft. Worth, Texas (New) Opera House.
197—Gainesville, Tex., Perry Opera House.
230—Sherman, Texas, Opera House.
294—Paris, Texas, Babcock Opera House.
385—Texarkana, Texas, Orr's Opera House.
Average distance, 48 1-8 miles,

CHAS. BENTON,

Morton House, New York.

New Opera House.
—OSHKOSH, WIS.

This magnificent house will be ready for combinations September 1. Seating capacity 1,200, on the ground floor, with eighteen full sets of new and elegant scenery, new carpets, properties and fixtures. Size of building, 62x120, stage 45x60; height, 45 feet.

Oshkosh is situated eighty miles northwest of Milwaukee. Population over twenty thousand.

The best show town in the State, on a direct line from Milwaukee to St. Paul.

R. L. MARSH, Lessor and Manager.

FRED. STINSON,
Manager for

MODJESKA
1883—FAREWELL AMERICAN TOUR—'84
Address Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco, Cal.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

I will be in New York for a short time only, on and after June 22.
Address care SPIES & SMART, 12 Union Square.

R. A. LITTLE, Manager.

OPERA HOUSE,
GRAND HAVEN, MICH.

Steadily successful during the past two seasons. Will be refitted and thoroughly overhauled during the Summer and reopened in August for first-class attractions only. Address

J. A. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

HARMONY THEATRE,
(New) GALVESTON, TEXAS.

WANTED.—For the opening of this handsome new Theatre about the last week of September, a strictly first-class attraction (Opera Company preferred). Good terms and a very large business assured. Connecting dates in other cities given. Address:

E. E. SPENCER, Manager,
Union Square Hotel, New York.

William Wilkison.
ADVANCE REPRESENTATIVE.

AT LIBERTY.

Since March 1 in advance of the
C. D. HESS ACME OPERA COMPANY.
Best of references from C. D. Hess and others.

Address care MORNING TELEGRAM, Toledo, O.

Roland Reed.

Address

GUSTAVE A. MORTIMER,
Riverside, I. Providence, R. I.

Harry Stetson.
COMEDIAN AND CHARACTER OLD MEN.

Mrs. Harry Stetson.
Professionally known as Miss Nora Lytton.

LEADING JUVENILE.

Disengaged for Season 1883-84.

Address HARRY STETSON, Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y.

MILLER'S OPERA HALL
WEATHERLY, PA.

Stage lighted with gas. Seating capacity, 1,000. Liberal sharing terms to good Address G. W. MILLER.

1883 "FRONT!" 1884
Charlotte Thompson.

SEASON 1883-84.

Address all business communications to

LORRAINE ROGERS,
OR. FRANK L. VERNANCE, Business Manager,
20 Waverly Place, New York City.

Sydney Cowell.
Disengaged Season 1883-84.

Address this office, or agents.

Frederick Paulding.

LEADING SUPPORT TO

MISS MARGARET MATHER.

AT LIBERTY

FOR SEASON OF 1883-84.

Wright Huntington
AND
Inez Periere.

Resting at their country-seat on the Connecticut River.
Address this office.

W. A. Whitecar.

AT LIBERTY.

Mr. Leslie Allen.

FIRST OLD MAN AND CHARACTER.

At Liberty.

Address MIRROR Office, or SIMMONDS & BROWN,
1366 Broadway.

Frank Weston.

EUROPE FOR THE SUMMER.

Address:

AMERICAN EXCHANGE, LONDON.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Kendrick

(ADELE BRAY).

ROMANY RYE.

BROOKS & DICKSON, SEASON 1883-84.

Ocean Grove for the Summer.

Miss Bessie Sanson.

SOUBRETTE.

Having concluded four years engagement with the Vokes Family, is

DISENGAGED FOR SEASON 1883-84.

Address care N. Y. MIRROR.

Edwin Arden.

HERBERT WINTHROP

Madison Square Theatre.

'83 — "FRONT!" — '84

E. L. Walton.

LEADING COMEDIAN.

Under management of MCADOW & LEE, as

SNAGGS, YE LANDLORD.

In Edouin and Sanger's

BUNCH OF KEYS; or, The Hotel

GEORGE EDGAR.

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TIME ALL FILLED. COMPANY COMPLETE.

Address all communications to

MAZE EDWARDS, Manager,

Leland Hotel, New York City.

B. F. Horning.

JUVENILE LEAD.

Legitimate or Modern Roles.

Address MIRROR.

Frank Tannehill, Jr.

Concludes year's tour of England, and fourth of

engagement with "FUN ON THE BRISTOL," the 23d of June. Sails for America end of June.

At Liberty Season 1883-84.

NOTE—I desire to thank Mr. H. C. Jarrett and Mr.

John F. Sheridan for their respective offers of re-engagement. But I must decline. Respectfully,

FRANK TANNEHILL, JR.

Edwin Milliken.

CHARACTER OR COMEDY.

DISENGAGED.

Address care ALBION STREET, BOSTON, or Agents.

Fred Lotto.

AT LIBERTY.

Address Agents, or 68 W. 19th Street.

T. Q. Seabrooke.

SECOND SUMMER SEASON WITH LYELL

With Gus Williams next season.</

ATTENTION, MANAGERS!

I have a few more open dates at the

GILLIS OPERA HOUSE, KANSAS CITY,

Tootie's Opera House, St. Joseph,

AND

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, TOPEKA.

As I limit the number of attractions, I cannot take many more, and

I WANT NONE BUT FIRST-CLASS ATTRACTIONS.

My terms are liberal, but I will not meet the cut rates that the opposition at Topeka and Kansas City have found necessary to establish. My houses are worth at least FIVE PER CENT. more than theirs.

For dates apply to SPIES & SMART, No. 12 UNION SQUARE, or address

CORYDON F. CRAIG, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Standard Theatre

ST. LOUIS, MO.

E. BUTLER, JOS. H. MCINTIRE, W. H. SMITH, PROPRIETORS.

Now being built and will be completed Sept. 1. ONE OF AMERICA'S LARGEST AND FINEST THEATRES. Seating capacity, 2,500; Stage, 45x60'; and containing all modern improvements. First-class attractions wished for season 1883-84, address W. H. SMITH.

Sinclair House, Broadway and 8th Street, New York.

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MRS. CHAS. E. LELAND, MANAGERESS.

This house will be thoroughly renovated and refitted throughout. Managers of combinations, Minstrel companies and Musical organizations wanting dates address MRS. CHAS. E. LELAND, Hotel Brighton, Coney Island.

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Cohoes Opera House,

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WILL OPEN FOR SEASON, SEPT. 3, 1883.

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and one of the most complete and handsome in the State. Seating capacity, 1,000. Scenery and appointments new and first-class. Stage 40x70'. For dates and terms, apply to P. J. CALLEN, P. O. Drawer 20, Albany, N. Y.

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Will return to America after five years starring tour in Great Britain. Mr. Calder having played Rip Van Winkle in all the principal theatres in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, for one thousand consecutive performances, and universally acknowledged by the press and public to be the only rival of Jefferson. Alfy Chipendale pronounced to be the ONLY TOPS that ever appeared in England.

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Managers and actors are hereby respectfully notified that

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By duly executed papers produced by the Messrs. Courvoisier, at their branch offices in PARIS, has obtained the exclusive privileges in SARDOU'S Drama of

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SEASON 1883-84

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BERTHA WELBY

Supported by a Company of Legitimate Artists, under the Management of H. A. D'ARCY.

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OLIVER TWIST will be the *piece de resistance*. MISS WELBY appearing as Nancy Sykes, in which character she has no living equal, every Saturday night and at the request of Managers. TIME FILLING RAPIDLY. Address 12 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

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Opera House Company.

H. G. HUNT, MANAGER

Season 1883-84.

The above house (formerly the Academy of Music) has been purchased by this Company and will be run for all it is worth.

Seating capacity, 1,200. Population of city and suburbs, connected by street railway, 20,000. For open dates apply as above.

SEASON OF 1883-84.

A Grand, Unique and Novel New Play.

Manager of first-class theatres desirous of booking

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In his new play, entitled

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Under my sole management, with a carefully selected dramatic company, superb new printing and novel scenic effects, will please address Mr. McWade personally, stating open dates, to P. O. Box 35, Buffalo, N. Y.

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First-class in all Respects.

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ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

THIS POPULAR PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IS

LOCATED ON CAMPAU PLACE, WHICH

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STREET RAILWAYS CENTRE.

It is now being entirely remodeled, lowered to the

GROUND FLOOR, superbly decorated and refurnished, so that when completed it will be unsurpassed by any

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Seating capacity and size of stage larger than any other house in the State outside of Detroit.

Now open for bookings with first-class attractions for season of 1883-84. Address

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Positively but two attractions per week. Prefer to

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THE MOST MAGNIFICENT THEATRE IN THE WEST.

The largest, best and most popular theatre in Indiana.

First-class combinations and attractions.

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ORLANDO DRAYTON.

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DISENGAGED.

Up in all the principal operas. Address

SPIES AND SMART, 12 Union Square.

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UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

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THE THEATRE WILL BE NEW FROM FOUNDATION TO ROOF, AND BUILT ON THE LATEST AND MOST APPROVED PLANS.

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The only company that Tony Pastor is in any way connected with.

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Splendidly successful everywhere. Unbounded delight to all audiences.

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